

PARIS NIGHTS

THE MERRY WHIRL OF THE WORLD IN STORY AND PICTURE



\$25.00
PRIZE
STORY
CONTEST



JANUARY

PARIS NIGHTS

THE MERRY WHIRL OF THE WORLD IN STORY AND PICTURE



\$25.00
PRIZE
STORY
CONTEST

PARIS NIGHTS

25 CENTS



.... "I have **REDUCED** **MY WAIST EIGHT INCHES** **WITH THE WEIL BELT!"**

...writes **George Bailey**

"LOST 50 POUNDS"

says W. T. Anderson ... "My waist is 8 inches smaller" writes W. L. McGinnis ... "Felt like a new man" claims Fred Wolf ... "Wouldn't sell my belt for \$100" writes C. W. Higbee.

■ So many wearers are delighted with the results obtained with the Weil Belt that we want you to test it for ten days at our expense!

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE YOUR WAIST 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

... it won't cost you a penny!

■ Because we have done this for thousands of others ... because we believe we can do as much for you ... we dare make this unconditional offer!

■ You will appear much slimmer at once, and in 10 short days if your waistline is not actually 3 inches smaller ... three inches of fat gone ... it won't cost you one cent.

IT IS THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION THAT DOES IT!

■ Now there is an easy way to reduce without exercise, diet or drugs. The Weil Health Belt exerts a message-like action that removes fat with every move you make.

■ It supports sagging muscles of the abdomen and quickly gives you an erect, athletic carriage. Many enthusiastic wearers write that it not only reduces fat but it also supports the abdominal walls and keeps digestive organs in place ... that they are no longer as easily fatigued, and that it greatly increases their endurance. You will be more than delighted with the great improvement in your appearance!

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

THE WEIL COMPANY, INC.
202 HILL ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Gentlemen: Send me FREE, your illustrated folder describing The Weil Belt and giving full details of your 10 day FREE trial offer and Unconditional Guarantee!

Name

Address

City State

Use upon or send name and address penny postcard



"I suddenly realized that I had become a fat man". The boys kidded me about my big "punch".

At parties I learned that I had become a "wall flower". Nobody wanted to dance with me.

In a bathing suit ... I was immense. The day I heard some children laugh at me I decided to get a Weil Belt.



What a change! I looked 3 inches slimmer at once and soon I had actually taken **EIGHT INCHES** off my waist ... and 20 pounds off my weight!

It seemed to support the abdominal walls and keep the digestive organs in place ... and best of all, I became acceptable for insurance!

I have a new enjoyment of life ... I work better, eat better, play better ... I didn't realize how much I was missing!



DON'T WAIT ... FAT IS DANGEROUS!

Fat is not only unbecoming but it also endangers your health. Insurance companies know the danger of fat accumulations. The best medical authorities warn against obesity, so don't wait any longer!

■ Remember this ... either you take off 3 inches of fat in 10 days or it won't cost one penny!

NO DRUGS, NO DIETS, NO EXERCISES

■ For 12 years the Weil Belt has been accepted as ideal for reducing by men in all walks of life...from business men and office workers who find that it removes cumbersome fat with every movement...to active outdoor men who like the feeling of protection it gives.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST
ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL PRIVATELY PRINTED BOOKS IN ENGLISH, ON THE

• SEX AND LOVE RELATIONS • OF MANKIND AMAZINGLY ILLUSTRATED

BY THE GREATEST SEXUAL ANTHROPOLOGISTS OF THE ORIENT AND OCCIDENT

Some of the Recent FALSTAFF Private Publications For Adults Only Are

I. THE EROTIKON

BY DOCTOR
AUGUSTIN CABANES

The most amazingly illustrated cultural erotic work ever issued in America portraying the strangest phases of the erotic life of savage and civilized races.

The "1001" **Strangest Sexual and Amatory Curiosa**
in the Erotic Life of Men and Women across the ages.
CURIOUS RACIAL—Erotic Photographs
and illustrations 500 in color!!! After authentic originals from Anthropological Expeditions Field Studies—Museum Archives.

France's greatest Sexual Anthropologist. Author of 60 Previous Rare esoteric manuscripts, all of whose detailed Sex Researches are summed up in this Chef D'Ouvre.

High Aim of

Falstaff Publications

Stated in the Words of the Great
Professor Paolo Mantegazza



I SELLY to study love as a complex phenomenon a gigantic power which moulds itself in a thousand ways among various epochs, and as an element of health and pleasure for the individual and

for the generations has appealed to me as a great and worthy undertaking.

"Whether the Anthropologist describes the bestialities and 'savageries' of African tribes or the supersensuous sensualities of the most aesthetic races, he should use the frankest and simplest language. I saw early that interesting scientific works were possible only by employing bold outlines and by eschewing all technical, and usually wearisome, analyses and descriptions. A wealth of hitherto unknown esoteric documents and manuscripts were there to be unearthed, lifting the curtain on mysterious and wise procedures in strange lands, that can increase the happiness of Occidental races . . ."

PRIVATELY PRINTED
FOR MATURE READERS
AND COLLECTORS OF
AMATORY CURIOSA
OF ALL RACES
SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE
OF BOOKS ON
SCIENTIFIC SEXUAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
ESOTERICA
UNEXPURGATED CLASSICS
EXOTICALLY ILLUSTRATED
Racial Arts of Love
MAGICA SEXUALIS

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES IN THE

2. Strange Sexual Practises of All Races in All Ages Primitive and Civilized by Dr Iwan Bloch—Germany's foremost Sex Anthropologist and Physician.

DR. IWAN BLOCH'S ETHNOLOGICAL AND CULTURAL STUDIES in the
3. Sex Life in England Illustrated as revealed in its Erotic and Curiosa Literature and Art through our own day with Joyce's Ulysses; Lawrence's Lady Chatterley's Lover; etc., with 169 Rare Erotic Illustrations in Color by England's Greatest Masters of Erotic Art: Hogarth, Beardsley, Rowlandson, etc., Fraxi's Million Dollar Private Collection was used by Dr Bloch.

4. Magica Sexualis Illustrated Exotically Esoteric Sex Sciences and Immemorial Arts of Love of All Lands, by the World-Famous French Savants—Dr Emile Laurent and Prof. Naour.

INCOMPARABLY—THE GREATEST WORK IN ANY LANGUAGE ON THIS SUBJECT—SCIENTIFIC AND ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES IN

5. Illustrated Japanese Sex Relations 2 vols de Luxe, Thousands of staggering unfoldments not found in any other work. Hidden sources in life and letters have been ransacked by the foremost native and European authorities and eyewitnesses of the incredible practises in Japan.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES ON THE

6. Sexual Relations of Mankind Including Oriental, Occidental and Savage Arts, Rites, Customs of Love, bewildering discoveries and disclosures derived from his vast travels and practise in strange lands, and his ingenious life-long researches, by Prof Paolo Mantegazza—Great Anthropologist—Founder of Italian Museum of Anthropology.

Prof. Paolo Mantegazza's Cultural Anthropological Studies in the

7. Savage Arts of Love. Illus with hundreds of authentic photographs of the love life of all Savage Races.

"No serious adult can afford to be without the valuable Falstaff Private Publications or The Falstaff Private Service, unique in America," says a famous American lawyer.

IF YOU ARE A SERIOUS ADULT and want FREE ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE fully describing the above and other erotic masterpieces . . .

PLEASE MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

or use your own stationery, giving your age, and mention Dept. 541-PN

If you send this coupon, we will inform you now & get absolutely

FREE SEX ANATOMY AND TECHNIQUE IN

227 Photographs and Illustrations

and also the Natural Method of Birth Control, Illustrated.

FALSTAFF PRESS, Inc., Dept. 541-PN, 230 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me marked "Personal," and in a sealed envelope your FREE Ill

Literature on Books on the Sex and Love Relations by Authorities of World Rep

how to get FREE the above-mentioned books.

NAME

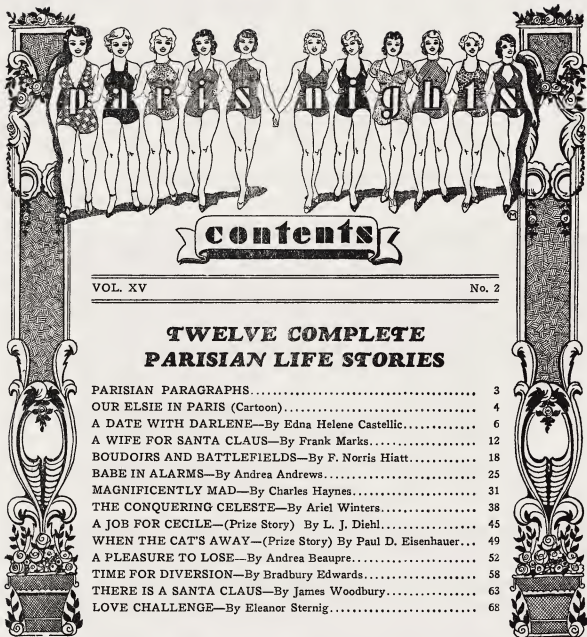
(Written Signature)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

Note: Please DO NOT FAIL to fill in AGE and SIGNATURE as no Publication is ever sent to any one whose age (over 21 or married) signature have not been registered on our special files.



VOL. XV

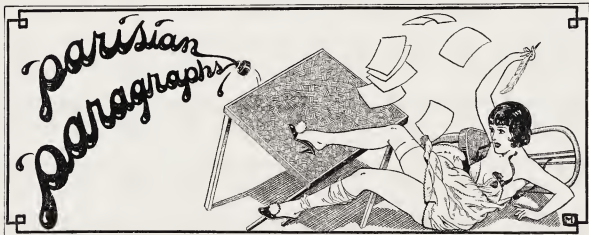
No. 2

TWELVE COMPLETE PARISIAN LIFE STORIES

PARISIAN PARAGRAPHS.....	3
OUR ELSIE IN PARIS (Cartoon).....	4
A DATE WITH DARLENE—By Edna Helene Castellelic.....	6
A WIFE FOR SANTA CLAUS—By Frank Marks.....	12
BOUDOIRS AND BATTLEFIELDS—By F. Norris Hiatt.....	18
BABE IN ALARMS—By Andrea Andrews.....	25
MAGNIFICENTLY MAD—By Charles Haynes.....	31
THE CONQUERING CELESTE—By Ariel Winters.....	38
A JOB FOR CECILE—(Prize Story) By L. J. Diehl.....	45
WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY—(Prize Story) By Paul D. Eisenhower...	49
A PLEASURE TO LOSE—By Andrea Beaupre.....	52
TIME FOR DIVERSION—By Bradbury Edwards.....	58
THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS—By James Woodbury.....	63
LOVE CHALLENGE—By Eleanor Sternig.....	68

WRITE A STORY!

Enter PARIS NIGHTS' SHORT STORY CONTEST now — for beginning writers only. No expense — no red tape — just read the rules on page 43 of this issue and send in your story with the coupon found there.



Even a nudist is subject to having a breach of promise suit.

You don't need to lead a girl to the altar—most of them know the way.

Romance is over when he tells her she dances like a heifer instead of a zephyr.

Some girls like to pursue their sweeties, but others like to purr and then sue them.

One difference between husbands and cream is that cream is usually sweet in the morning.

No doubt some of the men with wives of forty would like to exchange them for two of twenty.

Many a girl has gone to a clam bake on the beach and gotten herself a lobster to spend the rest of her life roasting.

When the guest of honor climbs up on the mantelpiece and tries to d into the goldfish bowl the party is getting rough.



Our Elsie



In Paris



A DATE WITH Darlene



There was danger in having "A Date With Darlene," a petite habitue of the Parisian cafes, but it was the sort of danger that Phil knew how to handle—and also how to handle Darlene! By Edna Helene Castellec

PHIL thought for a U. S. small town salesman who had been in Paris only a week, he wasn't doing so bad for himself. It was really a pretty swanky little club; and there was a pretty classy crowd.

And that hot little number over there with the slinky figure, and those tantalizing curves, and that amazing shock of red hair . . .

She was headed straight for him at the bar. That meant she actually remembered him from the night before. Her name, he recalled, was Darlene.

Phil squared his shoulders. "Old kid," he warned himself, "don't forget they all found out last night, when you got a little tight and talked too much, that you're just a small town guy back home, and they'll probably play you for an awful sucker. You'll have to be smart to pick the real thing from the false."

"Hello!"

The words were honey dripping from a scarlet mouth . . . a smiling, inviting mouth. She slid onto a stool beside him. "Enjoying yourself, big boy?"

"I'll be having a better time now," said Phil. "Or aren't you staying?"

"Are you inviting me?" Her eyes studied him with cool nonchalance. A smoking cigarette dangled from her red lacquered fingers.

"What do *you* think?" parried Phil.

"Well, if you're really a small town man looking for a big time in gay Porce, I'd say you'll invite me to stay . . . that is, if you're smart as I think you are!"

"That sounds, like a promise," said Phil.

"Practically," said Darlene. "Do I stay?"

"You do," grinned Phil. "What'll you have to drink?"

"Martini."

Phil ordered two Martinis and moved closer to Darlene. So close, in fact, that he could feel the soft warmth of her silver clad thigh against his knee.

"You know," he said eagerly, "I never expected to get acquainted with a swell dish like you."

Darlene's smile was hot sunshine, bathing him in its flaming intensity. "Men like you are my specialty," said Darlene. "One grows so tired of Frenchmen. They're all *alike*. But you . . ." She paused and leaned closer to him, resting her two arms on the bar. "You're different. You fire my imagination. Phil, I like you!"

Phil thrilled all the way down to his toes. It was the dewy promise in her half-closed eyes, the gentle rise and fall of her bosom that curved a little above the low neck of her dress, and al-

luring manner in which she exerted the pressure of her leg on his. She was certainly the answer to a man's dream of pleasure. Phil knew a moment of dizzy ecstasy before the orchestra broke into a soft tango thing, and Darlene murmured, "Let's dance."

Sitting on the stool beside Darlene at the bar was like moving beside an iceberg, compared to dancing with Darlene. Holding her closely in his arms, her firm young body pressed close against him; her lithe, warm limbs moving in perfect unison with his; it was like dancing with a soul-destroying, fiery dream. She couldn't be real, Phil thought dazedly, she was much too lovely.

Near the close of the dance she pressed even closer to him, and in her low, husky voice, said, "My Phil! My *darling* Phil! Oh, I want to be alone with you. Just the two of us, away from the prying eyes of the world. Free to love. . ."

Phil Caught his breath sharply, and crushed her in his arms.

"Darlene!"

"My apartment . . . will you, my Phil?"

Phil said they'd go to the North Pole, if she suggested it. Only he was afraid with them in their present condition, the natives up there would think the Tropie Belt had magically moved northward.

Darlene agreed that the glaciers would melt to mere puddles ten minutes after they arrived.

HER apartment was a study in modernistic furniture, and white bear rugs. Phil thought wherever her money came from, there certainly must be an awful lot of it!

She drew him down onto a white satin divan, trimmed with chromium arms.

"Darling, wait here a moment," she said tenderly. "I'm going to put on something more comfortable. Something more in the . . . the mood of our feelings."

"Don't be long," Phil said. "This place is so swell it scares me."

Darlene's silvery laugh reassured him. "We'll fix *that*," she promised, disappearing through a door.

Left alone with his thoughts, Phil took stock of himself. He was undoubtedly falling head over heels in love with this gay French girl who spoke English with such an ear-tickling accent. She was class; she was so much class she was just a beautiful dream. Why say! He had a nerve even *thinking* she might become serious about him. Still . . . she certainly acted as though *save* on him. Guess he knew the real thing when *met* up with it. And love, Phil decided *ceased* tically, was something you just couldn't *advised*

When she returned, she took Phil's

away. She was a glorious combination of blazing red hair, and black lace negligee. So transparent that Phil saw at a glance that there was nothing but nature beneath it. It did almost unbelievable things to his heretofore fairly well-controlled emotions. He wanted desperately to hold that soft, creamy body in his arms, and bruise her tempting red lips with searing kisses. He knew the perspiration was standing out boldly on his forehead, revealing his emotions.

And he knew, when, presently he drew her down beside him on the davenport, and pressed her hungrily against him, that his life would never be complete without her.

He let his hand slide possessively about her expectant waist, while his lips slowly lowered to hers.

"Darlene . . . Darlene!" he whispered huskily.

AT THAT torrid moment of expectation, the door opened, and a man, tall, dark, and very threatening, stalked into the room, regarding

them with blazing eyes. Angrily he strode to the davenport where Darlene still lay, now in apparent terror, and pulled the girl to her feet.

"Get up!" he commanded Phil.

Darlene pleaded, "But Bob, I love him! Honestly, I do. Bob, please!"

"That makes things all the worse then," the man rasped. "To think that this . . . this . . . rat . . . would come here and take advantage of my innocent little sister this way. . ."

Phil felt the fist even before it hit him and sent him sprawling, his mouth ending up full of bear rug fur. When he got to his feet again, his jaw bruised and sore, he said dazedly, "I didn't do anything to her. Honestly, I didn't!"

"Ha!" scoffed Darlene's brother. "Trying to hedge out of it now, eh? Well, it won't work. I'm going to call the *gendarmes* and have you put right where you belong."



"Oh, please don't, Bob. Please!" Darlene threw her arms frantically around her brother's neck, pleading with him. Tears trembling in her eyes, and her voice quivered like a forlorn sigh. "Bob, I'll never forgive you, if you do this thing!"

Th man patted her shoulders soothingly as though she was a little child. "My poor little sister," he murmured tenderly. "You don't realize . . . you're so young. So innocent, you don't know what this man has done to your life."

Phil was getting hot around the collar. After all, coming to her apartment had certainly been Darlene's idea. Why had she invited him if she hadn't known at least a few of the facts of life? Surely, she hadn't thought they were going to play backgammon . . . or maybe girls wore transparent negligees for that indoor sport . . . in Paris!

If this big French palooka thought . . .

The big French palooka was regarding Phil quizzically. "Listen!" he growled. "Have you got any *francs* on you? Because if you have, maybe I'll consent to settle this unpleasant affair on a business basis. Just for my little sister's sake, you understand! If she doesn't want you in jail. . ."

Phil, seeing the light at last, said, "How much would you settle for?" His mind was working fast. This was a gyp deal, and he knew it. Oh, not the girl! Darlene was certainly on the level. He knew the real thing when he had it, but this brother of hers was just a blackmailing grifter who had happened to walk in on them at the right moment; and now he was going to make a profit at Phil's loss.

Bob said, "How much have you got?"

"Not too much," said Phil. And added, biting-ly, "you know, I didn't come over to Paris prepared to buy the Eiffel Tower!"

"That's tough," snarled Bob, in an amazing American way. "You should have thought of that when you . . ."

"The price of French virtue," interrupted Phil, "seems to come rather high."

In the end, Phil agreed to trade Bob five thousand dollars' worth of Oklahoma oil stocks for some steel stock Bob owned. It was that, it seemed, or the bastille. Phil smiled sardonically as he got himself ready for bed, that night. He slept well, and dreamed romantically of Darlene.

Anyway, he had a date with her for the next afternoon. And that evening they were to meet the brother, and the exchange of stocks was to be made. Phil knew a lot of names that would fit Bob, but none of them were printable. However, there was no getting away from the fact that his sister was sure a honey!

SITTING beside Darlene, the next afternoon, in the open car, she made the day one of unreality for Phil. The sun seemed to shine more brightly, and the grass grow greener in the squares . . .

And especially in the secluded little cove around the shoulder of a hill many miles outside of Paris, securely shielded from the view of any passerby.

Darlene lay confidently in his arms, a quivering little bundle of fervent expectancy. Phil snuggled his lips into the curve of her warm throat. He knew Bob was working the badger game on him, but this date with Darlene proved she was not in on it.

"I love you, Darlene," he murmured huskily. "I'm mad about you. I want you . . . ah, honey girl, I want you!"

Her slim, trembling arms twined around his neck, and she drew his mouth down to her own in a fiery, avid kiss of complete surrender.

"Phil . . ."

"Darlene . . ."

They got back into town just in time to file their marriage banns before the bureau closed for the day.

"You're sure you won't be sorry!" Phil asked, nervously. "You know a small town in the United States isn't anything like Paris."

Darlene snuggled close to him in the car. "Of course, I won't be sorry! Oh, Phil, if you only knew how I want to get away from all this." She waved her hand inclusively at the passing scenery. "And everything connected with it," she said, a hard little note creeping into her voice.

"But your brother . . . how'll he take it?"

Phil asked anxiously.

"He'll want to *kill* me! But he won't know. I won't tell him. You put him off about those stocks until after we're married, then we'll leave without even telling him where you're from. In that way, he can never find me, and I'll be *glad*. Oh, Phil, I'll be so glad!"

"Isn't he good to you?" asked Phil sharply.

"I'll bust him in the beeper if he isn't."

"You must not get us into trouble with the *gendarmes*," Darlene warned severely. "Bob is tough, Phil. And I love you. That's all that matters now."

BOB was surly that night when they met by arrangement, in the bar of the *Cafe de Joie*. "I'm devilishly sorry," Phil said, "but I have the stocks in a bank's custody. I don't carry them around with me, you know. They'll be released to me day after tomorrow. I've been advised positively to that effect."

"Well, they'd better be!" snapped Bob omin-

ously, "because if they aren't . . . it's the *gendarmes* for you!"

Then Phil said the thing he had been thinking for hours. "You're just a damned European grifter playing a Yankee for a sucker!"

Bob grinned a nasty grin. "You can't prove it. And if you're right . . . what're you going to do about it?"

"You've got me there," admitted Phil wryly. "Please," coaxed Darlene nervously. "Don't get into a fight."

"We won't," snapped Bob. "But don't you let him get away with anything, and *you know what I mean!*"

He turned and stalked from the bar and out of the club. Phil watched him go. Darlene was pale.

"What did he mean by that crack, honey?"

Darlene bit her lip. "Phil, please, let's not talk about him. I'll tell you all about it after we're married."

Phil turned around and tilted her chin up so he could look squarely into her eyes. "Darlene, you're not going to walk out on me?"

"Oh, no, no, Phil darling! Never! It's not that. Truly."

"Okay," said Phil. "I'll take your word for it, but there's a funny business here."

She married him two days later at the office of the Deputy. Phil had the oil stocks in his inside coat pocket. After the ceremony they hunted Bob up. He was drinking at the *Cafe de Joie*.

"Well," Bob said, "here they are." He pulled the fat envelope from his pocket, and laid them on the bar. "Now," he said, "produce the goods!"

Bob did. He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out an equally large envelope. Phil glanced at them, and smiled.

"And believe me," said Bob, "you're getting off cheap. Those stocks aren't worth anything compared to this bunch of oil stock you're giving me, but that's the price you pay for. . ."

". . . for a lady's virtue," interrupted Phil. And added, "So I've heard before. Now good day! I'll be leaving for home."

Bob smiled crookedly. "Good luck, brother, and come to Paris again some time," he sneered triumphantly, fingering the oil stocks. And to Darlene, "Where are you going now?"

"Phil's promised to drop me off at my apartment," she said nervously, "on his way to the train."

"Okay," snapped Bob.

SPEEDING along the Paris boulevards, he looked fondly down at the girl sitting cuddled close beside him, her eyes shining, a happy smile curving her seductive lips.

He reached down and slid his arm possessively about her waist and hugged the warm, soft body against him.

"Tonight," he murmured in ecstatic anticipation.

"Umm," she murmured contentedly. And then: "Phil . . . I've got something to tell you."

Phil slowed the car, apprehension in his eyes. "Yes?"

"That man . . . he isn't really my brother. He isn't anything to me at all. Never has been. We just worked together. It was a rotten business, Phil, but we played Yankees for suckers. I'd pick them up in cafes, get chummy with them, take them to my apartment, and always, before it was too late, Bob would burst in. He always watched through a little sliding screen in the door so he would know when to enter. Then we'd shake them down for money with the threat of the *gendarmes*. Bob's an American, as you must surely have guessed. Oh, Phil, please believe me! I hated it, but I couldn't break away from him after I got mixed up in all that nasty business. I was afraid of him. I didn't have any courage . . . until I fell in love." She raised warm eyes to his.

Phil drew her closer to him. "That's all in the past now, honey. Just forget it—with help like this—." His lips pressed down against hers.

Tears glistened on her cheeks. "But, Phil, those stocks . . . they're *worthless!*"

Phil laughed, long and loud. "Did you think I didn't suspect it? Darling, it takes a slicker to trim a slicker . . . and if you want a *real* laugh . . . well, honey, those oil stocks are just phonies, too. You see, I'd heard about some of the stuff they pull on Americans in France, so I came prepared."

But the arm about her waist was not a phoney, nor were the lips that went seeking hers again. Darlene sighed happily. This was the real thing!





Violette Darcet thought she was merely going to be a detective at the Christmas party in the home of Leon Caillaux, but Frank Marks tells how she remained to become

A WIFE for Santa Claus

THE shiny little revolver in her open suitcase made Violette Darcet's blood run cold. With shaking fingers she transferred it to her handbag which she would carry downstairs into the big reception room. Now that she was in the palatial home of Leon Caillaux she felt frightened, a little unsure of herself.

Her feet sank into the rich carpet of the boudoir as she tossed her street dress onto a chair. Clad only in a silken slip, whose sheer transparency revealed every outline of her youthful figure and breath-taking charms, Violette went to the mirror. She ran her fingers through her golden-blond curls and freshened her crimson lips. She reached for her sea-green evening gown.

And at that moment the door opened. A young man was on the threshold. His rugged face turned to surprise and his dark eyes widened.

"*Pardonnez-moi, Mademoiselle,*" he apologized. "I was not aware that anyone was occupying this room." But he made no move to leave. Instead his quick glance traveled over Violette's scantily-clad form.

She felt herself tingle as his eyes stared at the satiny expanse of her cream-smooth skin and the matchless contours of her perfect curves. Violette held her gown in front of herself; tried to

hide her charms from his rapt gaze—even though she was quite unwrapped. She reddened—all over.

"*Mais*, but this is the room where the maid brought me; my boudoir for the night. Who are you, *Monsieur?*"

"I am just the owner of this house, *Mademoiselle.*"

"*Monsieur Caillaux—Leon Caillaux?*"

He nodded. "And is it possible that I am not acquainted with one of my guests—a guest *tres charmant* at my own Christmas party?"

"*Mais*, I am not exactly a guest, *Monsieur Caillaux*. I am here to watch your wealthy friends; see that their necklaces and such are not stolen."

Leon Caillaux's expression was unbelieving. He looked at her girlish figure, her frail femininity. "I do not understand, *Mademoiselle.*"

"I am Violette Darcet. I am here from the detective agency to mingle with your guests; guard their valuables against theft. You always have such a person present at your gatherings, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Leon Caillaux burst into laughter. "*En verité*, I do, *Mademoiselle*. But the agency usually sends a two-hundred-pound-six-footer, a man."

"Does it have to be a man?"



"I fear so. Tell me, *Mademoiselle* Violette Dareet, what would you do if you saw a real thief?" Leon Caillaux took a step toward her.

Violette backed away. She suddenly turned; grabbed her handbag and obtained her little revolver. Nervously she pointed it at Caillaux.

"*Mais*, now you can see what I would do!" The evening gown had fallen from Violette's hands. She was like a sculptor's prize stepped down from the dais; snowy rounded shoulders, beckoning bosom, dune-like thighs. She menaced him with the shaking pistol.

BUT the only menace that troubled Leon Caillaux was his suddenly-aroused nerves. His blood lashed through his veins as he stared at her consuming loveliness. He moved closer. She backed away until she could go no farther; a bas relief of thrilling white glory against the mulberry-hued velour of the window. Leon's hand closed over her tiny revolver; twisted it from her.

"*Tiens*, now what would you do, *Mademoiselle* Detective?"

Before she could reply Leon Caillaux's right arm circled her shoulders, his left arm went around her waist. She was in a vise-like grip.

"P—please!" Violette gasped aloud.

Leon forced back her golden-haired head; smiled into her violet eyes. Then his mouth was on her mist-wet lips and he felt the tremulous response of her pulsating body.

"Now that I have stolen something—what can you do?" he laughed.

For the moment Violette felt that she didn't want to do anything but rest there in his muscular arms; dream in his caressing embrace, her form flattened against his virile body, while his lingering lips enveloped her mouth and shot queer little darts through her. It was as if an electric current were trickling delightful shivers to every recess of her being . . . She pushed her hands against him.

"You—you did not give me a chance to shoot you!" she accused.

"You are an adorable gungirl, *petite*," Leon grinned. He picked her up bodily and tossed her on the coverlet. She rebounded and screamed deliciously, her glowing flesh vibrating beneath its webby concealment.

"You—you are terrible, *Monsieur*!" she panted.

"*Mais*, if you are going to be a detective you must learn to take it—and more!"

"More? Is there—!"

Again Leon Caillaux's lips bruised her moist ones; moved to her neck, her shoulders. The contact of his hand on her smooth skin made her catch her breath. She dropped her long lashes; clutched her bosom as if to stop its beating.

"P—please do not! Let me up! I—I am going home!"

"*Hin?* And leave my guests without protection?"

"I—I hate you!"

"I want you to stay, Violette. But you do not need that revolver. You have far more effective weapons!"

"What do you mean?"

"Yourself; your eyes, your lips, your——!" Leon's glance roved over her vibrant flesh, the texture of water lilies; her lissome fullness. "You have everything, *petite*; everything to melt a man; put him at your feet, whether he be rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. In a word, Violette, your greatest weapon is—lure!" Leon Caillaux got up. "Now get dressed for my party. I must get down stairs and do my duties."

"What are you going to do, *Monsieur*?"

"The same as I do every Christmas eve; dress up like Santa Claus; pass out presents and demand kisses from the girls in return." He opened the door. "*Mais*, do not run away, *Mademoiselle* Detective. I am going to see you, later."

Through the partly-opened door Violette watched him go down the dim hallway and enter a room at the end.

HER nerves still tingled from his kisses and caresses. She replaced her shoulder strap and blushed when she thought of Leon Caillaux's roving fingers which had sent such queer tremors scurrying over her. She smoothed her hands down over her svelte hips, turned sidewise and appraised her slender form in the mirror. Leon said she had everything. She had never been told that before; neither had she ever appeared so scantily dressed in a man's presence before.

She wriggled her sea-green evening gown over her head and brushed it to her fitting form. The tight-fitting silk covered but only served to bring out more clearly the outlines of the treasures beneath. She touched the perfume stopper to her coral ears and the paradise valley revealed by the low décolletage of her gown.

She unwrapped the wax paper from the corsage she had brought. There was an inner wrapper of newspaper. Violette's eyes caught the picture above the social news item—the photograph of Leon Caillaux and his fiancée, Marie Saint-Martin. She frowned and felt a tinge of jealousy. Then she smiled wryly. Men like Leon Caillaux always married within their own circle. Besides, she was there on business—detective business—not monkey business.

That was funny, too—she being at this party. If Leon Caillaux had only known that she was substituting for her brother, the detective sent by the agency. But her brother had a date and had induced her to take his place.

"Nobody will know the difference, Violette," he had said. "Nothing ever happens. And you will have a good time."

Violette suddenly straightened. Through the door to the adjoining room a voice percolated, "Now understand this, *ma chérie*," somebody was saying in a low voice. "Caillaux is going to play Santa Claus for his wealthy guests—only he is not going to be Santa Claus. I am!"

Violette tiptoed to the panel and strained her ears. Again the person in the other room spoke, "This is my scheme: Caillaux is not going to attend his own party. But he does not know that. He is going for a ride. My two *apache* associates will take care of that."

"*Tiens*, I dress in his Santa Claus costume, whiskers and everything. His crowd will not know the difference. I shall pass out the Christmas presents; kiss the girls and get my arms around them. That will give me the chance to get their necklaces and other jewelry. I shall pass the loot to you. So follow me closely. Get it? Another thing, *ma chérie*; I do not think Caillaux even bothered to have a detective around tonight. I have not seen one."

There was silence in the next room. Violette could hear only the sound of someone moving around. She put her hand to her mouth to smother a gasp. Somebody in the adjoining room was planning with a girl accomplice to rob Leon Caillaux's guests. Worse yet, they were going to take Leon for a ride!

The latter thought made Violette's heart race. The loss of the guests' jewels vanished from her mind. But the harm which might come to Leon Caillaux himself!

She must do something; must save him! For a moment she thought of going into the hall, entering the room next to her own, capturing this man and the girl with whom he was planning.

She picked up the handbag containing her revolver. She hesitated. Suppose this thief on the other side of the door wrenched the pistol from her as Leon Caillaux had done so easily. Violette's courage failed. She threw down the bag.

But she must warn Leon Caillaux at once. Stealthily she left the room and made her way noiselessly along the dim corridor to where she had seen Leon go into his room.

Timidly she knocked on the door. It opened. Leon Caillaux, coat off, was adjusting his tie.

"Well, *Mademoiselle* Detective. You look gorgeous in that gown!"

Violette panted into the room and closed the door. "I had to come here, *Monsieur*. I overheard someone in the room next to mine. You—you are in danger! You are to be kidnapped or something! This man I overheard is then going to wear your Santa Claus costume as a disguise. He is going to rob your guests. He has a girl accomplice!"

Leon Caillaux put his arm around her silken-clad shoulders. He smiled.

"You have uncovered a clue, *Mademoiselle Detective*?"

"*Mais*, but please believe me! I heard it all. They are probably in the room yet!"

"*Allons*, we shall find out," Leon said.

They went back along the hall, Violette holding tightly to his hand. Leon grasped the door knob. He shoved. They peered into the room where Violette had heard the voice. The room was vacant.

Leon Caillaux grinned, "False clue."

"*Mais*, but I tell you I heard him!" Violette insisted. "They must have sneaked out while I was in your room!"

"Do not worry, *ma chérie*. I shall consider myself alarmed." Again his arm was on her shoulder, below it, to smooth pliant flesh. "Now go back to your room until I finish dressing," he told her. "I shall knock on your door before I go

down stairs. And do not use that revolver, *petite*," he laughed and went back to his room.

VIOLETTE returned to her boudoir. Her nerves were fluttering. She did not know whether it was on account of the threatening voice she had overheard or if it was the tingling where Leon's fingers had touched her. But why could he not believe her; realize that there was a plot on hand to rob his guests, make away with him?

She fussed with her hair, looked into the mirror, and paced the floor as she waited. Time dragged on and no knock at her door. A sudden panic seized her. Suppose Leon had been attacked in his own room!

She went out and along the corridor to his door. She knocked. No answer. Nerves edged she slowly pushed open the portal. There was nobody in the room . . . ! And Leon had said that he would tap on her door when he left. There was but one conclusion. Leon Caillaux was kidnapped!

Violette went back to her own room. And then she hugged the shadows. At the head of the stairway she saw the red figure, the fur-trimmed costume, the bushy white hair under the cap. Santa Claus! The fake Santa Claus—the thief!

His back was toward her. A girl was leaving him, descending the stairs. Violette caught a flash of the girl's face.



She gasped. The girl was Marie Saint-Martin whose picture she had seen in the newspaper—Leon Caillaux's fiancée!

Violette's heart raced. Leon had been kidnapped! Spirited away! This was the conspirator in the Santa Claus costume. And his partner in crime was the society girl—Marie Saint-Martin!

She must capture the thief; expose the girl; make them tell where they had taken Leon. Violette went back into her room; got the revolver from her handbag. The weapon shook in her fingers. Leon Caillaux had said she would be unable to use it. She remembered something else he said, "Lure! Far more effective than any other weapon!"

Well, she would use lure to capture this plotter. She would lure him to her door; entice him into her boudoir. Then she would trap him; run out and look him in!

Violette reached to the hem of her gown and swept it off over her head. She glanced in the mirror. It reflected her snowy seductive body clad in the wispy slip. She flushed as she thought of what she was about to do. But it was the only way left. Cautiously she opened the door and took a step into the hall. The Santa Claus thief still had his back toward her. She screamed and dropped to the floor.

Out of the corners of her eyes she saw the costumed figure turn. He ran to where she lay and stooped down.

"Hein what happened?" he asked through his whiskers.

"Oh, Monsieur! I—I sprained my ankle!" Violette wined. She felt him gathering her in his arms, her creeping flesh pressed tightly against him. He carried her into the boudoir and laid her on the coverlet. She bit her lips to keep from smiling. Lure! It was working! She fluttered her eyelids. "Oh!"

Santa Claus was on the edge of the bed. He pulled off her slipper and peeled down her elfin hose. His hand smoothed her ankle. He looked into her eyes. "Still hurt?"

"I—I guess it is better." Violette was waiting her chance. She must spring from the bed; elude him; get out and look the door.

But Santa Claus was giving her no opportunity to flee. He edged closer. Violette felt her heart skip a beat as his hand left her ankle—stroked above it. But somehow his fingers shot delightful shivers through her body. Violette did not move.

And then he was smoothing her satiny skin in other places. She felt her nerves pitch to tremulous heights. . . . She must escape from the room before—! But her body seemed powerless to

make the initial move. Instead, a blissful listlessness came over her. Thrills scampered clear to her toes as his hands stroked over her. . . . She felt unable to resist when his head descended and his lips crushed her quivering ones and her brain whirled dizzily. . . .

NOT until he reached to the floor lamp and plunged the room into darkness did Violette come to her senses. She sprang from the bed; to the door and out into the hallway. She turned the key on the outside; made him prisoner.

She started for the stairway. She stopped; realized she was scantily clad. She could not go down stairs among the crowd. She hurried toward Leon Caillaux's room. She would phone. She went in and switched on the lights. She wondered how she could get the house connected. There was no time for her to find out. She would dial headquarters—get the *gandarmes*. Violette lifted the phone from its cradle.

And then from behind herself she heard a sound—a sound from the door leading into the next room—the room which communicated on each side with Leon's and her own. She turned—and opened her mouth with amazement. Leon Caillaux was before her. He smiled, "Dig up another clue, *Mademoiselle Detective*?"

"You—!" Violette backed away.

Leon caught up with her. He picked her up and deposited her on a divan. Speechless and with widened eyes she stared at him. Leon grinned, "I guess I have frightened you enough, *petite*."

"Hein, what do you mean?"

"That the whole thing was a farce, *ma chérie*. In the first place it was I you heard in the room next to yours. There was no other person; no girl with me. The communicating doors between the rooms were unlocked. After I made the threatening speech for you to hear I came to my own room.

"Then you came here and warned me. I joked with you about it; sent you back and told you that I would knock on your door when I was ready to go down stairs. Of course I did not knock. I donned the Santa Claus costume and stood at the head of the stairway, waiting for you to see me and believe that I was the villain you had heard. I wanted to see what you would do when you thought there was a real thief."

"And—and I did what you told me. I—I used my—my lure!"

"And you have plenty, *ma chérie*; more than I can longer stand—without—!"

"Mais, but I saw Marie Saint-Martin, your fiancée," Violette broke in. "I thought she was in the plot against you."

"*Ma foi!* Marie just happened to be going down the stairway when you saw her," Leon explained.

"And—you and you are going to marry her after I—I imagined it would be all over with her; that she was plotting with someone against you." There was a sadness to Violette's voice.

"And you did all this to save me from her?"

Violette reddened and nodded her head. "*Oui, yes,*" she said almost tearfully.

"*Ma chérie, Violette,*" Leon replied tenderly. And then again his hands caressed her, thrillingly. His mouth crushed hers. There was silence.

THE door banged inward. Leon Caillaux turned. Violette sat up and turned pale. She held her hands to her throbbing bosom. Marie Saint-Martin was in the room. Behind her was a tall youth. Marie's face was a storm cloud. She raged, "*Tiens, so, Monsieur Leon-Caillaux, while your guests wait, you amuse yourself with this little trollop!*" She turned to the man with her. "*Voilà! You see what is going on? It is sufficient cause for me to break my engagement with Monsieur Caillaux, n'est-ce pas?*"

Leon Caillaux was on his feet. "*Mais, but you needed no particular cause to break our en-*

gagement, Marie." He turned to Violette. "*This is my future wife!*"

Marie Saint-Martin jerked haughtily. The anemic man with her said, "*Allons, come, Made-moiselle.*" Marie and her escort left.

Violette swallowed sorrowfully as Leon Caillaux sat closely beside her. "*Porquoi, why did you tell her that?*"

"Because it is the truth, *petite Violette*. Marriages arranged by parents are *passé*. I am choosing my own wife—you—Violette!"

Hardly able to realize what he said, Violette sank back into the pillows. And then her arms reached upward around his neck.

"Leon, my lover! From the first moment you entered my room I—I loved you. That is why I could not shoot you!"

He gazed at her possessively. "You are one adorable girl, *ma chérie!*"

Violette reached to the floor lamp. The room turned to black velvet. "Love me, Leon, *con amore!* I will not run out and lock you in this time!"

And as Violette felt his fervent embrace her senses floated on the aura of a rapturous paradise . . . !

It is not too late to enter PARIS NIGHTS Magazine's short story contest. Submit your story now! The sooner it is submitted the sooner it will be passed upon by the editors and given a chance to appear in a nationally distributed magazine.

There are no entrance fees, reading fees or other red tape. Simply write your story, conforming to the standards of the magazine, then submit it with the entrance blank, on page 43, certifying to its originality.

To insure complete impartiality, readers of PARIS NIGHTS Magazine will serve as judges, casting their ballots for the story that will win a prize of \$25. All other stories will be paid for at the regular rates.

This month PARIS NIGHTS Magazine is publishing two stories by amateur writers. Can you write stories equally as good? Then do so at once, and learn what the readers of the magazine think of your ability.

*"Boudoirs and Battlefields"
are what the average American
seeks when in France.
But there are all kinds of boudoirs
and all kinds of battlefields.
F. Norris Hiatt relates
the hilarious adventures of
Horace Freeman, who went
seeking battlefields, only to
find boudoirs, each with a darling
occupant, but with his
own wife on his trail*

Boudoirs and BATTLEFIELDS

THE long, slant-nosed coupe of obviously American make purred smoothly over the chalky ribbon of road without apparent effort. The poplar-bordered canal alongside with its occasional slow-moving barge slid past like an unreeling film of brown and green. On either side lush patchwork of vernal growth hemmed the twisting stream and road. In the hazy distance a cluster of red tile roofs glistened in the rays of the late afternoon sun.

"We're in Haute Meuse now," Horace J. Freeman, the rather portly, well-groomed man behind the steering wheel, glanced at the plump, over-dressed woman beside him. He had the air of one imparting important information. "I re-

member this road well. That's Bar-le-Duc right ahead. Be there in a few minutes."

Adelaide Freeman sniffed. The habitual tightness about her set little mouth became more pronounced. "I should hope so. It's dreadfully tiring riding all day. I hope you get your fill of traipsing about France soon. Remember, it was your idea to bring the car along. We could just as well be sitting comfortably in a nice hotel in Paris."

A slight sigh escaped Horace. "But, dear," he murmured placatingly, "this is the best way to see the battlefields. We can——."

"You and your battlefields." Adelaide brushed a small cloud of chalky dust from her dress.

"What'll you see? Nothing! We've been traveling since yesterday morning and all I've seen is dusty roads and dirty little villages and filthy peasants. I feel gritty all over."

"We'll find a nice hotel and clean up," said Horace with forced heartiness. "You'll feel better after a good meal. I can remember——"

"Oh, don't start remembering," Adelaide lifted a protesting hand. "That's all I've heard since we landed. I'm sick of it. And I won't set foot in one of these small-town hotels. That one last night was terrible. Drinking and carrying on all night—I didn't sleep a wink, hardly."

"We'll find a nice, quiet *pension*," Horace suggested quickly, glad of a chance to air his meager French. "There're lots of them around. Many's the time I——"

He broke off hurriedly with a guilty side glance and devoted his entire attention to driving. Shortly they reached the outskirts of Bar-le-Duc and threaded their way through narrow streets until they neared the center of the city. The sun



He broke off aghast at the commanding knock on the door

vanished behind a chain of hills and already the dusk of evening was settling down.

"Let's try that place," Adelaide directed with a pointing finger to a three-story dwelling, set back a little from the cobbled street and more ornate than its smaller neighbors.

"But it hasn't any sign," Horace countered faintly, knowing of old his protests were usually ignored.

"What of it?" Adelaide favored him with a frown. "They'll probably be glad to put us up for the night. It's a nice looking place. Go in and ask."

Resignedly, Horace stopped the car and got out. He approached the house with misgivings. Probably the mayor's home or some wealthy citizen's, was his nervous thought. But he had to satisfy Adelaide by inquiring. He turned at a patter of footsteps behind him, groaned under his breath. She was right at his heels.

"You'll probably make a mess of it," she said in enlightenment. "I'd better do the talking."

A FAT, bejeweled, heavily rouged woman in tight-fitting dress that accentuated the prominence of her full bosom, answered Adelaide's pull at the bell. She regarded the strangers with bright-eyed wonder. Adelaide smiled condescendingly.

"We're Americans," she explained graciously, "and we're looking for a place to spend the night. Could we stay here?"

"Americaines?" The French woman lifted expressive brows, smiled understandingly, then shook her head with an enigmatic roll of her eyes in Horace's direction. "Mais non. We do not have the pension."

Adelaide tightened her lips, then liberated them again in a forced smile. "Oh, of course. I understand you don't take in roomers regularly, but couldn't you make an exception in our case? We will pay you well." She opened her purse and drew out a roll of crisp francs.

Horace, eyeing the woman with a sort of fascination, saw her veil her eyes at the sight of the money in Adelaide's hand. She hesitated an instant as though in indecision, then her slight air of hostility magically vanished.

"Mais oui," she gurgled throatily, beaming. "Je comprenez. You are Americaines who have come the long way to see the battlefields. N'est ce-pas?" She glanced covertly, archly at Horace and a queer thrill of exuberance crawled up his spine. "I shall make the exception for you. I have une petit salle de chambre on the third floor."

Adelaide beamed back in kind. "That will do nicely. I am Mrs. Horace Freeman. This is my husband." She indicated Horace with a curt nod of her head.

The woman bowed gracefully. "I am Madame Beauvais." She turned toward the polished spiraling stairway at the rear of the wide hall. "If you will follow me—."

"Horace," Adelaide called over her shoulder, "bring the bags from the car."

Horace scarcely heard his wife's words. Through a portiered doorway he had caught a glimpse of a garishly furnished room with long gilt mirrors reaching almost to the ceiling and from which floated the subtle scent of some seduc-

tive, exotic perfume. It brought back dim memories of long years before, made him tingle strangely all over for some unaccountable reason. He returned from the car carrying heavy traveling bags in both hands to find the hallway deserted. He tiptoed up the stairs to the second floor, peered curiously about before proceeding farther. There was a long hallway there also with doors leading into various rooms, but they were all closed, he noted regretfully. As he passed one, however, a knob creaked and the door opened a few inches. Horace nearly dropped the bags at the enticing sight that met his astonished gaze.

A strikingly beautiful young girl with fluffy blonde bobbed hair curling about her pretty face smiled bewitchingly up at him. He sucked in his breath noisily at the briefness of her attire. She had little on beyond a thin silken wrap and beneath its sheerness he could detect the curving outlines of a gorgeous rounded figure.

HIS knees turned to water when she beckoned for him to enter with an outrageous and daring wink of her alluring blue eyes. She even opened the door a trifle wider and Horace, like a hypnotized rabbit, was on the point of staggering into the room when Adelaide's shrill voice cut through the stillness like the shriek of a high explosive shell.

"Horace!" rocketed from above. "Whatever are you doing? Haven't you gotten those bags yet?"

The door before him elicked softly closed and with the sound Horace's scattered senses reassembled. He swallowed with difficulty and stumbled toward the stairs. He was almost panting when he reached the top. It wasn't any problem to locate Adelaide. She stood in a doorway at the end of the corridor with her elbows on her hips and her brows welded into a frown.

He mumbled an unintelligible explanation as Adelaide snatched the bags from his hands. Madame Beauvais explained in stilted English that she would serve them dinner in their room. The dining room was not large enough, she added, bowing her way out.

Horace was disappointed at the stolid looking-peasant girl who brought up their meal a short time later. He had rather hoped for—ah—well, something a bit easier on the eyes. Since the little episode on the second floor he had been doing some hard thinking, and he was so preoccupied and absent-minded while they ate that even Adelaide remarked about it.

A long hour dragged by before he dared suggest what had been uppermost in his mind for some time. He noted with heightening satisfac-

tion that Adelaide was beginning to yawn with increasing frequency.

"You look tired," he said with unaccustomed solicitude. "Why don't you turn in?"

She looked at him suspiciously. "Aren't you ready for bed, too?"

He cleared his throat raucously, assumed a brusqueness he didn't feel. "Why—ah—no, strange to say, I don't feel a bit sleepy. Think I'll take a little stroll—look the town over a bit."

"Humph!" Adelaide sniffed. "What is there to see in a little place like this? Nothing but dirty streets and—and manure piles!"

Henry suppressed a grin and edged toward the door with hat in hand. He had hardly expected Adelaide would even consider granting him liberty. In Paris he had not had a moment to himself.

"I won't be gone long," he murmured, opening the door and sliding around it. He released a long, quivering sigh as he softly closed it again.

He was shaking all over by the time he reached the second floor. He paused there a moment to listen carefully for sounds from above and to quiet somewhat the terrific pounding of his heart. Another moment passed while he tried to summon enough courage to tap softly on the door that guarded the enchanting vision.

As he hesitated his conscience returned to trouble him. What a fool he was—a staid married man of over forty—to even think of risking his nearly twenty years of married life for a few brief moments of stolen pleasure. If Adelaide ever learned—he shuddered at the thought. Resolutely, he squared his shoulders and turned away. He would do as he had told Adelaide—take a short walk and then retire righteously to bed.

THE click of a closing door on the third floor and the tapping of heels halted him. His heart climbed into his throat. Adelaide was coming downstairs! She was checking up on him. If she found him in the hall she would demand an explanation. Horace forgot his commendable resolution of a few seconds before and made a dash for the siren's door. Any port with the approach of a storm.

He thanked his lucky stars when it opened easily. He darted inside without a second to spare, closed it with a trembling hand. He waited till he heard Adelaide's heels clicking toward the first floor before he relaxed his tense body and turned around.

On a high, four-postered bed across the room, reclined the blonde, bobbed-haired goddess, regarding him in blue-eyed wonder. In the subdued light from a shaded lamp she seemed even

more lovely. She rose languidly on a bare white elbow and the scanty negligee parted alarmingly from her lush, ripe figure. She thrust a bare satiny leg to the floor and rose gracefully to her feet.

"Ah," she said softly, musically, "eet is the handsome Americaine. You have come to see leetle Fifi." Her red lips parted in a dazzling smile as she undulated toward the paralyzed Horace. He made no effort to move. In fact, he couldn't have if he had tried.

She came up close to him, pressed her body against his and caught his cheeks between the palms of her soft hands. "Kees me," she murmured, her fragrance enveloping him like a scented cloud. "Kees leetle Fifi—like thees!"

With that she brought her moist red lips down hard on his and for a delicious moment, the whole world rocked for Horace Freeman. He was wholly unconscious of his arms sweeping about her pliant body, of crushing her close against him. In that short intoxicating interval fully a score of years fell from him like hampering ballast. He had a strange sense of soaring into the clouds, of floating about in ethereal space as though without weight. . . .

It may have been a few minutes or perhaps more nearly an hour—he wasn't at all certain of passing time—when a peremptory knocking on the door jerked Horace back to a semblance of his usual sobriety. Nervously, and rather regretfully, he untangled Fifi's clinging arms from about his perspiring neck and removed her lightly elad from his lap.

"Who's that?" he whispered hoarsely, straightening his clothes and fussing with his tie.

Fifi reached up and kissed him again, tantalizingly. Then her red lips puckered into a delightful moue. "Poof!" she said lightly. "That ees probably Jacques. He come about thees time."

"Jacques?" he repeated, allowing a questing hand to appraise the soft contour of a shapely hip. "I'd better go. Who's Jacques—your husband?"

She giggled, whirled away. "Oh, non, non, non. Just une bon ami—like M'sieu' Americaine—."

"Fifi!" The knock on the door was repeated, louder than before. "Fifi! Is someone in there with you?"

Fifi made a wry face at Horace. "Oooh!" she whispered. "That ees Madame Beauvais. You had better go." She seized his hand and led him to a communicating door to the next room. There she paused and quietly opened it. She called softly: "Jeannette!"

A PRETTY brunette with large dark eyes and in much the same state of dishabille as Fifi answered the call. Fifi whispered something in rapid French that Horace was quite unable to comprehend, then in the next breath he was hustled into the brunette's room and the door closed behind him.

The same exhilarating perfume permeated the air. Horace had only time to catch a quick glimpse of another bed and glistening mirrors about the walls before soft arms were about his neck and he was being smothered by a pair of scented lips that were even more devastating than Fifi's. He all but tottered from sheer weakness when he was finally released.

He blurted out: "I've gotta be going. Where's the door?"

"Oh, M'sieu," came reprovingly. "Must you leave Jeanette so soon? Come, stay wiz me awhile."

"Listen, girlie," Horace was becoming a bit desperate, "I've gotta—."

He broke off, aghast at the commanding knock on the door—obviously from the same hand as in Fifi's room—Madame Beauvais'. Henry be-



On a high, four-postered bed across the room reclined the blonde, bobbed-haired goddess.

gan to have some of the sensations of a trapped animal.

"Jeannette!" Madame Beauvais' tone brooked no delay. "Have you someone in the room?"

"Oh, non, Madame," Jeannette returned clearly, regarding Horace with sparkling eyes. "I am quite alone."

"I'm sorry, Madame," came Madame Beauvais' voice from the other side of the door. "I'm sure your husband is nowhere in the house. I've looked in all the girls' rooms."

"But you haven't looked in this one," Adelaide's voice was extremely cold and cutting. Horace's temperature went below freezing. His teeth chattered a little. Oh, Lord, what a mess he'd gotten into!

It was Jeannette who threw him the lifeline. "Queeck, M'sieu!—back through Fifi's room. Your wife, she come in here!"

She opened the communicating door for him, thrust him through. He plowed blindly through Fifi's room. He never even saw her. But he did manage to escape into the hall and flee down the stairs without being seen.

(Continued on page 80)





Maman Jorde called her emotion one of extreme anger when she left her home to remonstrate with Bob Graham for making love to her two daughters, but she had quite a different name for her emotions when she finally left Bob Graham! Andrea Andrews tells about it in

BABE in ALARMS

MAMAN JORDE was more than just agitated—she was absolutely furious. And when Maman Jorde became even mildly furious, the entire Jorde household knew of it.

She paced restlessly up and down the floor of her boudoir like a caged tigress, and from her lips came growls that would have equaled those of a tigress when it was not in a good humor. At every turn of her pacing and quite a few times in between, she glared at her daughters, who really weren't accustomed to glares. Maseuline smiles of appreciation for their delectable pulchritude was more the sort of thing they had come to consider their right.

"Little pigs with empty heads!" Maman Jorde accused. "Is it for this that I have spent hours talking to you about the evils of men? Voila! First Fleurette"—she glared menacingly at her attractive youngest daughter, who forgot her flapper boldness and quailed visibly under the stern look—"succumbs to the wiles of this so fascinating Americaine, Monsieur Robert Graham, and then Annette"—her other daughter took her turn at circling under the hostile expression—"must go ape the tactics of her cabbage-headed sister. Allons! What sins have I committed to deserve such daughters?"

If either of her daughters knew just what those sins were she discreetly remained silent and allowed Maman Jorde to continue her restless pacing. Yet the tirade that had been going on for almost the entire afternoon made it seem that Maman Jorde would never tire herself out. She arraigned the younger generation and found it guilty. But when she had exclaimed that such things had never happened in her day, Fleurette had raised a questioning brow. It was strange, she silently reflected, that one could be so innocent and still know all the answers. She even appeared to know much more than the worldly-wise flapper Fleurette. But Maman Jorde belonged to the staid Bourgeoise, the staple middle class of Paris that exhibits a haughty demeanor to the public of France—and hides its indiscretions very cleverly.

It was quite understandable, however, that if certain things had not happened to Maman Jorde when she was a girl, they could easily have taken place at a later date. Maman Jorde was in her early forties, but would have had no trouble in passing for ten years younger, and looked more like a sister of the stunningly attractive Annette than her mother.

"But if Maman would only see this Americaine



and talk to him, she would understand," ventured Fleurette. "Is it not so, Annette?"

"Oui," agreed the older sister. "Maman should see him to understand."

"See him?" exclaimed Mere Jorde angrily. "Oui, I should like to see him—with gendarmes holding his arms! Go! Leave me at once! When you have repented, you may come back and tell me."

Since neither daughter felt an immediate urge to repent for adventures which had been extremely pleasant, they quickly and quietly left the room.

When they had gone, Maman Jorde did not resume her pacing. Instead, she seated herself beside the window and gazed pensively out. It was hard for a mother to realize that her daughters had been indiscreet, and both of them with the same man, who was not even a true Frenchman but an American in Paris on vacation. It

was a thing that would have to cease, and cease immediately. There seemed only one thing left to do: visit the American and persuade him, for the safety of her daughters, to leave Paris.

Maman Jorde was a woman of sudden resolves, and once she had made up her mind, she acted promptly. Yet she did not leave the Jorde home so promptly that she failed to take the time to preen herself before the mirror. Even though she was going to order the Americaine to leave Paris, there was no reason why she should not look attractive.

Other women of her age might have to spend ceaseless hours in beauty salons, suffering under the administrations of steam baths and mud packs, and be uncomfortable at night with pads for the face. But not Maman Jorde. Her beauty had been preserved naturally, and had been preserved in such a manner as to justify her pride in it. From her regally beautiful head to her trim ankles, Maman was made up of the sort of curves that make roving masculine optics stop roving.

BLISSFULLY unaware that he had been the subject of Maman Jorde's tirade with her daughters all afternoon, Bob Graham lounged contentedly back in a comfortable chair in his hotel room, a clinking highball glass on the table beside him and a French love novel in his hand. He found much in the novel to remind him

of the vivacious Flenrette and the sweetly attractive Annette. Bob felt very well satisfied with the world just then, and was sure that it owed him absolutely nothing since he had arrived in Paris.

He had just started to set the book aside and begin dreaming of the adventures he had had with Flurette and Annette, and of the adventures he hoped to have in the future, when a sudden rap sounded on his door.

"Entrez!" he shouted.

Instantly the door was flung open and a woman stepped in. It was no ordinary woman. It was Maman Jorde. Bob's eyes opened wide in admiration for the delectable figure as he came instantly to his feet.

"Monsieur Graham?" she demanded before Bob had a chance to speak.

Bob bowed faultlessly. "Oui," he replied. "And Mademoiselle is Annette Jorde's sister?" "Her mother!" answered Madame Jorde in a thundering tone.

But Bob smiled pleasantly at her instead of being appalled by the menacing tone.

"Oui?" he asked with interest. "One would never suspect it. Madame looks much too young to be the mother of Annette. Won't Madame be seated?"

Maman Jorde glared at him skeptically, but seated herself and crossed her knees with a gesture that allowed Bob to know they were dimpled. The shimmering expanse of silken hose was not wasted on Bob, and the admiration in his eyes for his visitor became even more pronounced.

"Monsieur has that Americaine way of—how you say it?—dodging the issue," Maman Jorde accented.

"An issue?" asked Bob curiously. "Why should I be troubled over an issue when I am having the pleasure of entertaining Madame? But, pardon, I am not being the perfect host—a drink, Madame?"

He gestured toward the array of bottles on the taboret beside his chair, and looked questioningly at Madame Jorde. She glanced at the bottles and would probably have passed them by, but discovered there was one of Benedictine. *Tres bien!* There must be some good in a man when he showed the wisdom of drinking Benedictine. She herself indulged in a glass each morning and night.

"A little Benedictine to clean the throat, Monsieur," she replied, but not too anxiously. One could never trust these Americaines, as the adventures of Fleurette and Annette had proven. Of course, she was Maman Jorde and therefore quite capable of handling any situation. Still, the Americaines did not respond to a situation as would a son of the tri-color republic.

"Then it shall be Benedictine for two," announced Bob as he filled two wine glasses. "Benedictine is so little appreciated by most people, Madame, that it is a real pleasure to have one with whom it can be enjoyed."

A long discussion on the merits of Benedictine came to Maman Jorde's lips, but she checked it hurriedly. There was more important business on hand and she must not allow herself to be diverted from the subject. Still, some of the harshness had gone out of her eyes. This Americaine did have a few commendable qualities.

"To a better acquaintance, Madame, with sincere regrets on my part that we have had to wait this long for a meeting," toasted Bob, lifting his glass.

Maman Jorde felt that she should make some sort of retort about that. But there was such a pleasant smile on Bob's lips as he spoke, and he used such a nice choice of words, that she nodded her head in recognition of the toast, and tilted the glass to her lips.

Bob knew better than to offer to refill her glass immediately. It was better to wait until the Benedictine had started taking effect and the desire would be aroused for a second one.

"Both Flenrette and Annette have spoken with such praise of Madame that I have been looking eagerly forward to this meeting," said Bob, his genial smile working overtime. "And now that I have had the pleasure, I think they both should be spanked for not having done Madame justice."

"Perhaps Monsieur will not enjoy the meeting so much when he learns why I am here," announced Maman Jorde. But she moderated her tone, for, like Fleurette and Annette, she was learning that Bob Graham had an engaging way of saying things.

"The pleasure of meeting Madame. Naturally over-shadows everything else, and it could be nothing but pleasant," declared Bob. "I presume Madame is here in regard to Fleurette and Annette. They are very charming, Madame; and now, having met you, it is easy to understand why they are."

"Monsieur is very droll," declared Maman Jorde, but she smiled as she spoke. The cares and worries of having two pretty daughters to watch over all the time had rather taken her out of the society of men who could speak to her as Bob Graham was doing. She decided that she liked it very much, and had no objections to hearing more.

"Not at all, Madame," declared Bob quickly. "Madame realizes that I am just a lonely American in Paris. Fleurette and Annette have been exquisite in preventing any boredom. I would probably have been quite content with them, if

Madame had not appeared. But, after having met Madame, how could I ever be content with them?"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Maman Jorde, but she quite neglected to inject a real note of horror in her voice. It was a long time since a man had actually made love to her.

Bob felt that it was time to fill her glass with more Benedictine, and did not overlook the opportunity of squeezing her hand caressingly as he passed her the glass.

"Monsieur must not say such things," she rebuked him, but in an exceedingly mild tone.

"How can I prevent myself from saying them?" asked Bob, seating himself on a chair beside hers. "One is never content with a duplicate after one has met the original. Flenrette and Annette are both attractive, but they are merely duplicates of Madame. And a duplicate is never as complete as the original."

Again Maman Jorde's glass was filled with invigorating Benedictine, which increased the flush in her cheeks and the brilliance in her eyes. Under its influence, and the words of the American, she was finding him an exceedingly interesting young man. He was one of discernment. Did he not prefer Benedictine to other drinks, and did he not recognize that she was more attractive than her daughters? And to think, she had intended to make *him* leave Paris!

Maman Jorde's lips were offered willingly when Bob slipped a caressing arm about her waist and drew her slowly to him. And as his lips seared down upon hers, Bob began to realize that he had been wasting his time with the daughters. They really were only duplicates after all, and he was possessing the original in his arms.

His arms became more caressing and his lips more ardent, while Maman Jorde, enjoying love for the first time in several years, acted as though she intended to pay up for all the time that had



been lost. She willingly left the chair she had occupied for the more interesting position on Bob's lap.

She was an exquisite creature who had failed to age in accordance with her years, and had retained all the fire of life and desire for love. If there were a few things she had not known during the afternoon while talking to her two erring daughters, she learned them before the evening was over in the arms of the man she had intended to chase from Paris.

IT WAS quite late when Maman Jorde returned home, but regardless of the hour, and her own slightly disheveled condition, she went seeking her daughters immediately. They were waiting for her in the library.

"Well, Maman, did you get to see Monsieur Graham?" asked Annette.

"I have seen your Americaine," Maman Jorde announced, and had difficulty in making her tone as stern as she wished it to be. "And I forbid your ever seeing him again! He will not leave

Paris, but he has assured me that he will not bother either of you, and you must promise me that you will never attempt to see him again. Do you understand? I forbid your going to his hotel. Now promise Maman."

Two reluctant heads were slowly nodded in agreement.

"Bien!" approved Maman. "Now see that you keep your promises."

Then, turning quickly to hide her smile of triumph, she stalked out of the room and went hurriedly to her boudoir to dream of a handsome young Americaine who could say the most interesting things and make love in the most thrilling manner. And she felt a certain amount of security in those dreams, for she had just eliminated the competition of her two charming daughters. There was, of course, always the excuse for her own actions on the grounds that by keeping Bob Graham interested she was protecting her daughters.

Maman Jorde was quite happy, and feeling very proud of herself.

The Presidential election is over, but readers of **PARIS NIGHTS Magazine**, regardless of age, are given an opportunity to vote once again for a favorite in their favorite magazine.

In the Short Story Contest this month, **PARIS NIGHTS Magazine** is printing two stories, which have won the approval of the editors. To one will go a prize of \$25. To the other the regular rates will be paid.

Which do you think is most deserving of the prize? Which story did you find most entertaining? Vote for your favorite now, and see if your judgment corresponds with that of the majority of readers. Voting returns will be published in the March issue, on sale about February 1.

You have a month in which to cast your ballot, but are requested to do so early. The polls will be the editorial office of **PARIS NIGHTS Magazine**, 1008 West York Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For your convenience, a ballot is printed below. You may add your personal letter to it, explaining why you liked that particular story you have voted for, if you so desire. But **VOTE!** Place your X after the favorite.

Editorial Office,
Paris Nights Magazine,
1008 West York Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I cast my vote for

A Job for Cecile.....☐

When the Cat's Away.....☐

Signed

Address



When an heiress kidnaps herself, complications are sure to develop. Dorothy gets her share of them when she tries to dodge an unwanted marriage via the kidnap route, especially when she picks up a gay desperado along the road so she will have a real, bona fide kidnapper. Charles Haynes tells about it in this fast moving story of today,

Magnificently MAD

DOROTHY BRADLEY was directly responsible for at least a dozen men almost wrecking their cars on U. S. Highway 22 leading out of New York. There were many others who wrenched a crick in their necks trying to get another quick glimpse of white thighs as Dorothy flashed by them in her long, low, green roadster.

With top down, the powerful roadster whizzed down the highway, the speedometer needle playing around the seventy mark.

A dainty foot pushed the accelerator on downward. Above the dainty foot, from the smart patent leather pumps to the ecru lace of pink silk panties, there was exposed to the wind and admiring gaze of whoever was fortunate to be passed by the green roadster, the loveliest pair

of legs and strong, plump thighs that had ever zipped down the road.

Little did Dorothy care that the wind had caught the skirt of her cerise silk dress, billowed it up into her lap and then laid it down around her hips, or that it plastered the bodice tightly against her. Her eyes were glued on the strip of slowly winding highway ahead. Now and then she glanced up into the back-view mirror to see if she was being followed. She was thankful for the cooling wind that whipped against her cheeks as she roared on through the countryside. Her scarlet lips were pressed into a determined line as she pushed the accelerator down a little more.

Slowing down to make an S curve, she glanced again at the headlines of the newspaper she held under her right leg. Across the paper in mammoth letters ran the news:

DOEOTHY BRADLEY, HEIRESS, BELIEVED KIDNAPPED

"Kidnapped!" she scoffed, wishing she dared slow down long enough for a cigarette. "Heaven knows I'd rather be kidnapped than have to marry a man I don't love! And, of all people, Edward Crosley! . . . Perhaps if I were kidnapped I could at least fall in love with my kidnapper!"



SHE had never seen the painfully correct Edward Crosley, but she had heard enough about him for her father and Edward's maiden aunt to know she never wanted to see him! Not even if it was the socially correct thing for their engagement to be announced and the marriage set without even her consent or having met the man!

"Of course," she mused again, "a little thing like love doesn't matter these days when there are two great manufacturing fortunes to be merged through the marriage of each of the heirs!"

After a sleepless night, then, Dorothy had tossed a couple of bags into her ultra-streamlined roadster, bolted the families' wishes, and here she was, still bolting!

Making a slow left curve, she saw another car ahead and she had to swerve sharply to pass it. A pair of flashing blue masculine eyes under a light gray felt hat was all she saw as she passed. He suddenly grinned just as her car was even with his.

Glancing up in the mirror, she saw she wasn't losing this car as quickly as she had the others she passed. The big black sedan seemed to hold the distance.

Her nerves were beginning to get a little shaky, and she snapped on the car's radio. A dance orchestra was playing a swift swing tune. She pushed harder on the gas. The car behind

Both of them seemed to hold their breath and listen



was holding its own all right, but not seeming to gain. She saw the man's steady eyes riveted on her and he was still smiling. And then the radio orchestra stopped. The announcer broke in:

"Your attention, please, folks! Latest news flash on the mysterious disappearance of Miss Dorothy Bradley: When last seen Miss Bradley was wearing a bright red silk dress, hatless, and black patent leather pumps. Miss Bradley is a striking brunette, about five feet two inches tall, weighs about one hundred, twenty pounds, very pretty and sun tanned. It is believed Miss Bradley was kidnapped while out for a drive this morning!"

Kidnapped!

Dorothy laughed . . . She glanced into the mirror again—and the laugh stopped short. She must have slowed down while listening to the radio news flash! The black sedan had crawled up behind her and was going to pass her!

IT CAME alongside, and the man smiled over at her, his eyes sweeping back and forth from her bare thighs to the hugging bodice of her dress. Glancing down, Dorothy saw her exposed thighs and tried to push her skirt down with one hand. The wind blew the skirt back where it was, and she heard the man laugh at her thwarted effort. But it was more than his laugh that angered her.

He was inching his car just a little ahead of hers and edging her toward the shoulder of the highway. She had to slow down; he kept edging over closer. Slower and slower they went, until he yelled over to her: "Pull over and stop!"

"No!" she screamed back.

"All right then—!" He crowded her more and more until she was forced to pull over and stop!

Jumping out of his car, he ran around to hers, his eyes again feasting on the delectable sight of white thighs and the dainty lace that peeked out from her wind-blown skirt. With a swift jerk she pulled her skirt down.

"What's the idea of stopping me?" she exclaimed. "What do you want? I'm in a hurry!"

"Yes, I see you are!" His eyes laughed and sparkled. "But I decided you need a spanking!"

"A spanking? What for?"

"Because you need sinkers or weights on your skirt if you're going to drive like that on this highway!"

Dorothy permitted herself to smile. Then he wasn't a police officer or something of the kind, but just a fresh guy trying to get a little fresher. Well, she could handle that situation all right! Anyway, he was a handsome fresh guy!

"Get out!" he commanded.

"But—"

"Get out!" He opened the door. "Or I'll pull you out!"

He meant business all right! Oh well, might as well get out for a rest anyway, let him have his fun, and then get on her way again. Driving all day tired her and the sudden dusk of the Indian summer day made stopping a bit safer. His hand on her arm shot crazy little thrills through her!

Tall, broad shouldered, ash blond and care free, he might help take her mind off her worries. She was hungry, too, and she simply detested eating alone.

He swept her into his arms.

"Instead of spanking you," he said, gazing steadily into her eyes, "I think I'll kiss you!"

"Are your kisses as bad as all that?" she asked, and then wondered why she had let it slip.

"You tell me!" His muscular arms tightened around her. His lips crushed down over hers—crushed, bruised and thrilled. He pressed the soft curves of her body firmly against his lithe, hard body. His lips pressed hers avidly and she felt the passionate fire of a young blond god! His hand slipped down and pressed against the small of her back. His other hand slowly encircled her.

As his hand hugged her affectionately her heart beat wildly. She felt his heart hammering against his chest. His body quivered like a taut steel wire. His hand pressed her more firmly. A thousand other thrills charged through her body.

Suddenly his lips left hers. His arms tightened convulsively as he looked down the highway. Two headlights of a car had picked them out of the semi-darkness in bold relief.

DOROTHY stared into the blinding light. The car skidded to a dusty stop, and a man called to a companion: "Yeah, it's the girl all right! Come on! Let's get her!"

"They've found me!" she exclaimed, clinging to the young man's arm. "Don't let them take me back!"

"Okay, sister, jump in my car and start the motor!"

A stockily built man was already on them. Pistol drawn, he walked up to the young man. . . . But he walked up too close!

A foot flashed upward, the stocky man screamed, and the pistol went spinning through the air. A fist shot through the darkness and landed on a heavy jaw! The second man was a bit heavier than the first and was having trouble getting out from under the steering wheel in a hurry.

"Okay, let's scam!" exclaimed the blond chap, jumping into the rear seat of his sedan. "Drive like seven kinds of hell! Take the first road to the right!"



"Get out!" he com-
manded

A shot rang out from the rear of the sedan, and Dorothy glanced back and saw him shoot through the back window again. She also saw a sub-machine gun and several large boxes of cartridges on the back seat.

She almost laughed aloud. The irony of it all was almost too much for her. Here she was, running away from home and with the world broadcasting that she was kidnapped, and now she lands up driving a speeding get-away car for a gangster—and him shooting at pursuing cops! She glanced up in the mirror and saw they were no longer pursuing. The police car was turning around; probably going back to call for help.

"Scared them off!" exclaimed the man in the rear seat, and she was relieved. She was glad he hadn't shot them.

"Turn off here," he directed, when they came to a narrow road. "I've got a hide-out up in the woods a short distance."

Scarcely another word was spoken until they were safely locked inside the comfortable log cabin. The cupboards were well stocked with staple goods. Everything was clean and comfortable.

"So you're running away from the cops, eh?" he queried, as soon as they relaxed on the comfortable leather couch for a smoke.

"Why did you risk doing all that for me?" she asked.

"Oh, I dunno. . . . They made me mad interrupting our little get-acquainted party!" The mischievous sparkle came back into his eyes. "We're safe here in the shack. We could stay

here for months and never be found!"

"What is your racket, Mister?" Dorothy finally ventured.

Slipping his arm around her, a bit of the smile still remaining in his eyes as he gazed steadily, deeply into hers, he countered:

"Maybe it doesn't make any difference, baby!"

Dorothy knew it didn't! . . . Somehow nothing else on earth mattered! It was all like a delightfully mad dream! Falling in love with a gangster wasn't so bad, when the gangster was blond, blue-eyed, tall, and—well, yes—and sweet!

"I said," he repeated, "that I didn't like being interrupted awhile ago!"

"Neither did I!" She felt a sudden warmth suffuse her entire body as his hand crept around her waist and slowly drew her closer to him. "I didn't get to finish finding out about that kiss!"

"We'll have to start all over then!"

"No—! Let's start just where we left off!"

The hand around her waist pressed firmer as his lips descended over hers. His other hand began exploring soft curves. . . .

Slowly, thrillingly, his lips descended to the hollow of her soft white throat, burning their way from there to a softly rounded shoulder. His magnetic fingers paid tender homage to her alluring curves. She felt a thousand fires burning in her veins.

Again his lips swooped down to hers, and at the same time his arms pressed even more firmly. Another charge of electricity shot through her yielding body and touched off added fires that seared through her mind, heart, and body! . . . She tightened her arms around him and pressed closer and closer. . . . until a glorious crimson flame from the same fire enveloped them both.

IT WAS the tempting aroma of bacon and eggs and coffee that woke her in the morning. She saw him in the other room setting plates, knives, forks and spoons for two.

"Smells good!" she called to him.

He came in and kissed her tenderly. "Breakfast will be served when you've finished your bath." He pointed to the small bathroom where a porcelain tub stood full of glistening water. "Spring water!" he said. "How's that for service?" He kissed her again, his hands caressing soft, tempting curves. "Better jump in before I change my mind!"

Refreshed and glowing from her bath, she recovered a pink negligee from her bag, threw it around her, and joined him in the other room.

After breakfast they talked and smoked. He turned on the radio and a snappy swing tune started them off. But half way through their dance he stopped, lifted her in his arms, and car-

ried her over to the couch, setting her down in his lap.

His question was without prelude or warning: "Will you marry me?"

For a moment she would not let herself speak. His eyes remained calmly on hers, but his lips were gradually nearing hers. When she found her voice again, the words tumbled out:

"We're both insane, precious! Both mad! Everything is so delightfully mad! Our meeting, our lovely hours together, ourselves and—our love! It's all a mad pattern, darling . . . But, yes—I'll marry you, darling—if we'll always be as magnificently mad!"

When he released her lips he started to speak—and then stopped. Both of them seemed to hold their breath and listen. The radio had stopped and another announcement was being made:

"We are sorry to announce that Miss Dorothy Bradley, the kidnapped heiress, has not yet been found. Last evening on our late broadcast we gave you the news of the kidnapper and Miss Bradley being accosted on the highway by the police, and how the kidnapper made his miraculous escape, taking Miss Bradley with him. Although all roads and highways have been watched, neither Miss Bradley nor her blond kidnapper have been found.

"Mr. Walter Bradley, father of Miss Dorothy Bradley, has made every effort to contact the kidnapper, but has not been successful. He has also posted a reward of ten thousand dollars for any information which will lead to the finding of his daughter and another twenty-five thousand dollars for her safe return! Anyone seeing a girl resembling Miss Bradley is requested to communicate with this station or Mr. Walter Bradley, or Mr. Edward Crosley, Miss Bradley's fiancé."

And then the announcer repeated at length and great detail the description he had given before.

Dorothy felt her companion's arm relax. His eyes focused on hers.

"So that makes me a kidnapper, doesn't it?" he remarked, with deadly calm, his eyes narrowing just the slightest. "Well, come on, sister, what's your racket?"

In choked, slightly tremulous voice, she told him.

"And you've done all this to keep from marrying this guy Edward what's-his-name?"

"Edward Crosley," she supplied.

"You mean old man Burt Crosley's son?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't blame you for running away from him! I know him!" He lighted a cigarette and studied its fire. "Well, I guess I'll have to keep you here a little while longer, because I'm not ready to scram yet."

"But," Dorothy ventured, her heart almost tearing from her body from painful suspense, "there's a twenty-five thousand dollar reward you'd get for returning me!"

"Yeah, I know, baby. And if you don't go back and marry this Edward Crosley guy you'll be disinherited by your old man."

"But I don't want to go back!" she cried, clinging to his shoulders. "Take me along with you."

"You mean——"

"I mean I love you!" The words fell from her lips, whether she wanted them to or not.

"And you'll marry me?—today?"

"Yes, darling, today or any other time you want me to."

His voice was so low and husky that the radio music almost drowned his words when he said: "That goes double!"

An inalienable time later he released her lips, picked her up in his arms, and started for the other room.

"I just remembered," he chuckled, "that you didn't tell me which you preferred, a spanking or the kiss! There will be plenty of time later in the day to hunt up the justice of the peace of the next town and have your name changed to mine, but we've got to decide about that spanking first!"

"I think I could enjoy either one of them lots more if I knew what my new name will be!"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he laughed, putting her down gently. "I forgot to tell you. Your new name will be Crosley . . . Mrs. Edward Crosley!"

"What!"

"Mrs. Edward Crosley! . . . Sorry I didn't prove to be a muggsy gangster of some repute, but I'm just Edward Crosley, the man you are running away from to keep from marrying!"

"But——"

"It's all very simple, darling. I, too, thought you were kidnapped. Your father phoned me. I was out scouting around, hoping and praying I'd stumble on to someone who had seen anybody who looked like you. No success, until you passed me on the highway. The moment I saw you I knew who you were—and the possibility of your run-away idea popped into my mind at the same time."

"But the machine-gun in the back of your car? I thought you were a gangster or something of the sort."

"You don't think I'd go hunting kidnappers with a bean shooter, do you?"

"And so you knew all the time who I was?"

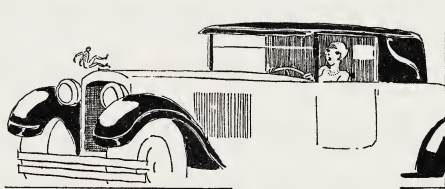
"Certainly. And here we are—two prodigal children—alone in my cabin! Both of us being looked for.—And a price on both our heads!"

"Edward, darling!" She drew her arms around him.

"We'll wire them about it all later—but now how about that spanking-or-the-kiss decision?"

His lips were very close to hers, and Dorothy's lips brushed against them as she said, very slowly, very softly:

"Let's start all over and find out—about both!"





There are all sorts of things that can happen to a man who impetuously picks up a pretty girl. But there were also a few impetuous qualities in the make-up of "The Conquering Celeste." Another amusing tale of Abelard Trello, taxi driver poet, by Ariel Winters

The Conquering CELESTE

A BELARD TRELLO indulged in both of his occupations at the same time. He drove his cab aimlessly about the streets of Paris and composed sad verses, in the moments when he was not furiously shouting "Cochon!" or "Vache!" at some other cab-driver.

Abelard, 182 pounds on the hoof and flaming-haired, was an American poet—therefore, of course, Paris was the only place in the world for him. He had composed three books of verse and a publisher had been so unfortunate as to risk money on them. Each book had sold slightly over fifteen copies.

Although a satisfactory reason for it has never been given, even poets must eat. Therefore, Abelard Trello—among his friends he was known even as "the great Abelard Trello—spent a great many of his hours in the unromantic occupation of taxi-

driving. It took a lot of food to keep him at his peak. He was generally hungry.

But today there was more than hunger inside Abelard. There was sadness. For of all the women in Paris, the loveliest was Zoe Delecroix. Her lips were like warm scented pomegranites, her black hair was an enticing web, her curves were languid flames. She was witty, she was beautiful, and she loved him. And Abelard had just told her to go to the devil.

When a man tires of the loveliest woman in Paris, what is there left for him? Abelard knew he could never find another girl so incomparably charming. But he was sick of Zoe with her scented cigarettes and perfumed liquors, her languorous and so-familiar charm. He thought gloomily of jumping into the Seine. Then he recalled that it would be very damp, so he compro-

mixed by beginning to compose another sad poem. "Voiture! Cab!" someone called from the sidewalk, and instantly, as he hauled the rickety vehicle to a stop, Abelard forgot that he was a poet and became a man of business again.

"Take me to the Gare du Nord, please," the voice said. Then, as Abelard swung open the door for the passenger, he forgot that he was a cab-driver as he gazed open-mouthed at the moon goddess who stood before him.

She had, he noted with a quick and expert eye, slender, flashing ankles, a luscious flare of curving hips, cherry lips surmounted by a pert nose, eyes like blue asters, and wind-blown cornsilk hair. He had an impulse to touch her to see if she were real. In fact, he wanted to touch her all over to see if she were completely real.

She was so different from tall, seductive Zoe! This moon goddess was exactly the tonic he needed. In the moment of looking at her, he even managed to forget Zoe completely.

ABELARD bowed her into the the cab. Then his hand dived into his coat pocket. He brought out a notebook and wrote carefully and illegibly, "Eyelashes like sparrow feathers."

Again she said, "Will you take me, please, to the Gare du Nord?"

Abelard started the car without paying the slightest attention to where he was going. He leaned around and said to her, "Your eyelashes are like sparrow feathers!"

She looked at him with wide and startled innocence in her eyes. "I want to go—," she began.

"Oui! oui!" he said. "We shall take a ride. We shall take a long ride through the Jardin de

Tuleries. And your lips are like flower petals."

"But—,"

"All afternoon I have been waiting for you,"



Abelard said, without giving her a chance. "I knew you would come!"

"But I've never seen you before!"

"I am a poet—Abelard Trello, the great poet. A poet is never defeated. The veins in the hollow of your arm are like a cluster of pale grapes."

With that, Abelard clipped a fender from an inoffensive Citroen automobile, so he put a little attention on the street ahead. Swiftly he made his way through traffic into the stillness of the park. There he gave her his full attention. She began to wilt under it.

Her hands rested in her lap. He placed one of his own hands over them, brushing against the flesh beneath the slight covering of silk. "Your face is a slender moon!" he announced.

"But—," she suddenly recalled, "I wanted to catch a train at the Gare du Nord—."

Abelard caught her hands in his and pressed them to his lips. "There will be plenty of time for trains," he said. "First—this!" With that he nimbly scampered over the intervening partition and planted a firm kiss upon those cherry lips. She responded ardently. She was in his arms, her whole small body pressed tightly against him so that he thrilled at the contact of the firm warm flesh.

The position—and the kiss—might have continued indefinitely, but a small urchin standing nearby became so interested in the sight that he called aloud to three other small urchins to come over and view the scene.

Lingeringly, the girl ended the kiss. Abelard sighed and said, "By the way, my moon goddess, what is your name?"

Touching a hand to her disarrayed cornsilk hair to brush it back, she replied, "Celeste. But I wanted to catch a train—it's too late now! What shall I do?"

"That is easy," Abelard said. "Celeste, you shall come home with me. My apartment is very comfortable!"

"Yes?" she looked at him with not quite the same expression of innocence in her cornflower-blue eyes. Abelard didn't pause to reflect what that might mean.

"Suppose," she said cajolingly, touching his chin with her delicate warm fingers, "suppose we have a bite to eat first?"

THEY were sitting in the *Cheval Vert* cafe. Why they had come there, Abelard had no idea. Celeste had assured him that the place was *tres chic* and most reasonable, but from the glitter in the headwaiter's eye Abelard took no comfort. He suspected that the place was likely to be more *chic* than reasonable, with its gleaming silver, heavy linen and soft aristocratic orchestra.

Despite a supercilious glare from the waiter, Abelard ordered a sandwich. When Celeste requested a partridge and sherry of a rare vintage, Abelard felt definitely uneasy.

"Ma cheri," he remonstrated, "but sherry doesn't go with partridge!"

She smiled entrancingly. "A whim of mine. You don't really mind, do you?"

"Oh, no," he said weakly. "Not at all."

He felt in his pocket. He could probably cover the check, but it meant driving the taxi day and night for the next week. Still, what was that, in comparison with the delight of pleasing his moon goddess? A trifle. Absorbed with the miracle of it, though, he wondered how such a tiny creature, so fragile looking, could devour so much and calmly go on to more. When she had eaten straight through the menu and drunk through half the wine list, they rose to go. Abelard nearly fainted at the check.

But it was not yet the end. Just his luck that they had to pass a modiste's establishment as he drove toward his apartment. Celeste kissed him brightly when he bought her the hat, and he supposed it was worth it, though it meant he would have to borrow from someone in the morning. He had suggested that his means were modest. The world did not care about poets, commercially. But it was the most darling hat, and when she spotted it in the window from the cab, she simply had to stop and look at it and ask the price. And when she looked at Abelard so wistfully, with her lower lip trembling just a little as though her heart would break any moment, what was a man to do? He bought her the hat. He had to. Her delight was reward enough—though, to be sure, he expected a little more substantial reward when they reached his apartment. He had hints, promises of it now, in a significant squeeze, a promise in her eyes, a glimpse of wondrous white flesh below her throat at the low neck of her frock.

But when they reached his apartment the moon goddess decided to turn temperamental. Over the fireplace stood a framed photograph of Zoe. Zoe, in fact, at her loveliest. Celeste's eyes flashed when she saw it.

"So!" she said. "You have a wife!"

"She is not my wife," Abelard said gently.

"Your sweetheart!"

"She is not my sweetheart!" Abelard said, not so gently. He reached for Celeste's hand and drew her to him. Kissing her seemed infinitely more pleasant than arguing with her.

"Don't touch me!" Celeste cried. "I suppose you will tell me this woman is your maiden aunt!"

"She is not my maiden aunt!" Abelard cried.

"Then who is she?"

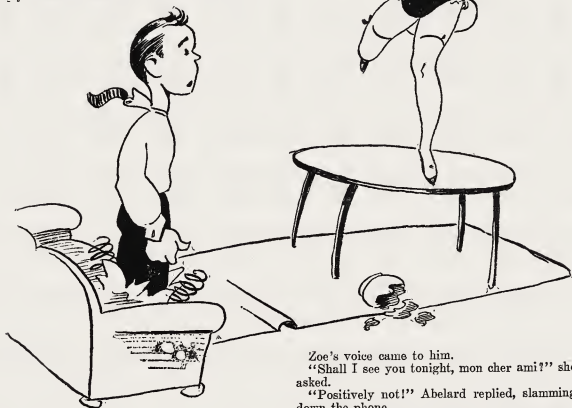
"My moon," he said, stroking her hair with one hand and drawing her closer with the other, "she was the loveliest woman in Paris—until I saw you today. Now—I have forgotten her completely. I was getting tired of her, anyhow," he added candidly.

"You are sure?" She was melting a little.

"Positive!"

He brought out a bottle of cognac and they each had a drink. That helped the melting process.

SHE relaxed in his arms. It was very sweet. He began to compose an ode describing in his best poetical manner her eyes, her hands, her lips, and other of her visible and invisible but wholly delectable charms



It was interrupted by the telephone bell just when Abelard was about to put an end to description and go into demonstration.

He let it ring for three minutes, hoping the person at the other end would lose interest and hang up. No such luck. Persistently, the instrument clanged until he disgustedly got up and answered it.

Zoe's voice came to him.

"Shall I see you tonight, mon cher ami?" she asked.

"Positively not!" Abelard replied, slamming down the phone.

He went back to Celeste. But the momentary interruption had spoiled the mood for Celeste, it appeared. She pushed him away.

"What is the matter, my moon?" Abelard said. "I have an intuition you were talking to that woman!" Celeste said.

Abelard began to be irritated but he tried to remain calm. Her intuition was much too good. He turned to the mantelpiece and placed Zoe's picture face down.

"That," said Celeste, "is much better. You can tell me some more poetry now."

Abelard didn't feel in the least like reciting any more poetry. All he wanted to do was take her in his arms and crush her indefinitely. However, a poet never yet has been known to reject an audience for his work. Besides, it would build the proper mood all over again. When he got in some of the more ardent lines, she would be unable to resist him.

Abelard settled down and recited poetry. After an hour of it, working up gradually to a fervent pitch, he thought the time was right. After an elaborate verse about the daintiness of her mouth, he moved to end it with a kiss. He couldn't. She was yawning.

It was a high, wide, and handsome yawn. He could see her tonsils.

"What's the matter, my moon, are you sleepy?" he asked in astonishment.

"It's your poetry," Celeste said briefly.

"You're joking. You shouldn't joke about poetry."

"You call that stuff poetry?" she demanded sourly. "It's terrible! It's given me a headache!"

That was more than Abelard could stand. Maybe people didn't buy his books, but everybody thought they were wonderful, or at least they told him so. He reached for the bottle of cognac, to help him get over the shock.

"I'll take one, too," Celeste said.

Politely he handed her the bottle and a small glass. Disdainfully she put the glass down and raised the bottle to her lips.

Abelard gasped when gurgles, by gurgles, the cognac disappeared. It had cost him sixty francs, but at the moment he didn't think of that. He didn't see how a human being could stand it. He was prepared to see her fall over in a faint.

She put the empty bottle down and wiped her lips. "Bien!" she said. "Got any more?"

Abelard, alas, had no more—and he wouldn't be able to afford any more for a long time. He wiped his forehead. The girl ought to be practically unconscious by now. He reached for her. She eluded him.

"Come! Come!" he said. "Surely I deserve a kiss!"

"But naturally," she said playfully. "Come and get it!"

Again Abelard reached out for her, but she wasn't there. She had darted around the table and jumped up on the divan, where she bounced teasingly. Abelard took a dive over the table and grabbed at her. She giggled. He jumped up on the divan, but in the same bounce she jumped off and onto the table. When Abelard landed on the

divan, the springs creaked and gave up. He slumped in the middle of it, as one end gaped open and the stuffing spewed out. Abelard sat down abruptly and it took him a minute to find his feet.

She was doing a tap-dance on the mahogany-topped table, calling him a sissy while her sharp high heels scratched whirligig designs into the polished surface.

Abelard thought it was about time to stop this nonsense. He lunged at her. She screamed gaily and dived off the table as Abelard caught at her. The table went over, on top of Abelard. He had her, though, by the hem of her dress. Grimly he held on. She tried to tug away. Abelard pulled, drawing her closer. He would have had her, but he was still entangled with the table. One of the table legs, in fact, was down his coat collar. With a shriek of silk, something gave. It was Celeste's dress—a long strip of it was in his hand, but she was free.

Abelard began to lumber up. She ran around him and adjusted the table on his back so that it slammed against his head and knocked him over again.

Playful!

When Abelard finally crawled out from under the table, he had a lump the size of a billiard ball on his head and his coat was slit neatly down the back by the table leg.

Celeste stood by the clothes closet. She was wearing his overcoat.

"What," demanded Abelard, "is the idea of that?"

"You tore my dress," she pouted. "I had to find something to put over it."

"Very well," he said wearily. "But you have succeeded nicely in wrecking my entire apartment. Now stop this running around, and give me that kiss."

"Never!" she shouted. "*Cochon!* I thought you were a gentleman when I came here. I am going, and if you attempt to follow me I shall come back with a dozen gendarmes to tear you into little pieces."

Abelard jumped up and down.

"Bring your gendarmes!" he shouted. "I'll beat them all to a pulp, then have them arrest you for running off with my overcoat!"

"I'll bring two dozen!" the girl shrieked. "My uncle is the prefect of police!"

"Oh," Abelard said slowly.

He sank down on the divan, what there was left of it, and watched his only overcoat vanish out the door, with his moon goddess inside its folds.

He was sorry to see the overcoat go, but it was a definite relief to be rid of Celeste. Mumbling, he counted over slowly what the afternoon had

cost him. First the restaurant, where she had eaten everything in sight and then demanded more. Then the hat. Then his cognac, his furniture, his ripped clothes and his vanished overcoat. The damage to his nerves had at least equaled all the rest. And, crowning touch, she had not liked his poetry. Why, what had he ever seen in the woman? She was absolutely unbearable! Zoe had never been like that. Zoe was still the most beautiful creature in Paris. She fed him on choice foods when he went to visit her, she was tenderness itself in her loving solicitude for him. Perhaps he had been a bit hasty in breaking off with her. After all, where could he ever find another such woman? Probably there were not any more like her in all France. He had just had a sample of what other women were like.

He strode over to the telephone. Automatically, without any thought at all, his voice gave Zoe's number. When he heard her voice on the line, such a surge of relief swept through him that he could hardly talk. Then the words tumbled out of him, one after another so fast that Zoe did not

have time to get in a single word as he informed her that he was even then on his way to visit her, and that she could expect him in about twenty seconds flat.

"Very well," Zoe said coolly. "I shall expect you. But from now on, you shall behave yourself!"

AS ZOE, in her apartment, set down the telephone she turned to the woman who stood beside her. Her guest was Celeste.

"You'd better get out now," Zoe said. "He is on his way over. The treatment was was completely successful. I don't think he'll ever stray again!" She handed a flat bundle of francs to the other.

Celeste rolled up the banknotes and stuffed them where they would be more or less safe from prying hands.

"I'm quite sure he'll never stray again—with me, Madame!" she said. "But if any of Madame's friends require my expert services—you have my phone number and rates?"

GET IN THE SWIM

With this issue, PARIS NIGHTS Magazine prints two more entries in its short story contest. Why don't you submit that story you have always wanted to write? There is no red tape or trouble. Simply write your story and submit it to the Contest Editor of PARIS NIGHTS Magazine, 1008 West York Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Use the entry blank printed below when submitting a story, as only those accompanied by the entry blank, attesting to the originality of the story, will be considered.

A cash prize of \$25 is paid for the best story submitted. Lesser cash prizes will be paid for others. When more than one story is printed, a ballot will be printed for readers to vote on which is the best story. In such cases, prizes will be paid two months after the publication of the story, in order that all readers will be privileged to vote.

Join the parade of amateurs now by submitting your story. If you feel you can write articles better than fiction, then submit your impressions of Paris—either what you have seen or would expect to see.

The editors of PARIS NIGHTS Magazine cannot enter into correspondence nor give criticisms of stories submitted for the contest, and their decisions must be accepted as final.

Turn to page 29 for more details on contest.

PARIS NIGHTS MAGAZINE
1008 West York Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

Please enter the enclosed story in your amateur writers' contest. I hereby certify that the story is an original effort on my part.

Name

Street Address

City and State.....



A Job for CECILE

PRIZE STORY

By L. J. DIEHL,
1200 South Santa Fe, Salina, Kansas

JIMMY BALLARD came out of the bath drying his wet face with a big towel. For a moment his eyes rested on his friend, Tom Hackman, slumped in the big overstuffed chair. Tom's eyes were closed, his blond head resting against the back of the chair. To all appearances, he was sound asleep.

"Fine lot of help you're going to be, Hack," observed Jimmy, a trace of scorn in his voice. "Here I came all the way to Paris to pick up a chorus of French cuties for Banner Films' Montmartre Nights and you can't even stay awake while I get dressed. Yeah, you're gonna be a lot of help."

Tom Hackman roused and sat up. His tired, blue eyes opened. "What t' hell! You don't need me to help you pick out a few dames. I'm fed up with the gooey French dames. Seen too many of 'em, you know. You go out and pick 'em. It's your job anyhow. I've got it fixed with Maxie Dumont. He'll have a gang you can't go wrong with—pardon me—I mean you can't help going wrong—."

"I'll take care of that," cut in Jimmy. "I'm over eighteen. But you're some night-lifer, Tom," he scoffed, adjusting his tie. "You'll get run over by a funeral your first day in New York. Boy, you'll be just like a torch in the old home town."

"Yeah, I know all that," Tom sighed wearily. "I've been here two years, Jimmy—you got to take that into consideration. The first year I painted the town. The last year I been painting pictures."

Jimmy Ballard walked to the door. He turned to his friend, Tom Hackman closed his eyes again, his head fell back on the soft chair. "I'll stay right here, Jimmy. If you don't get back tonight, I'll be here in the morning. First chance I ever had to sleep in the Hotel Rochelle. Too rich for my blood."

"Mine too," Jimmy called back. "But good old Banner can stand the gaff."

"Hope you're right," drawled Tom, as he took a healthy drink of cognac from the bottle on the table beside his chair. He dropped back again, closed his eyes and gave a perfect imitation of a saw mill on a busy day.

TOM awakened with a slight start. He sensed someone in the room. A faint odor of some exotic perfume came to his nostrils. Slowly he opened his eyes. A voluptuous female form, slim and perfectly moulded, clad in a diaphanous white dress, stood between him and the shaded lamp across the room. Tom drank in silently the wonders of nature when creating young girls.

"Allo," came a low contralto voice. "Monsieur Ballard? Eet ees you I must see—yes?"

Tom snapped on the big light. He caught his breath at the vision in white before him. The mischievous black eyes sparkled down at him from an olive skinned face, framed in raven curls, pecking from under a pert little hat. "Some chorine looking for a job," Tom told himself. "Why not have some fun giving her one?"

"What can I do for you Mimi—Suzi—or whatever your name is?" asked Tom, motioning her to a chair.

"I am Coeile DuClair, Monsieur," came the tantalizing soft contralto again. "I seeng—I dance. I so like to go to your beeg United States for you."

Tom forced a yawn. "I don't believe you can dance a step. Let's have a sample. If you're good, I might do something for you. Tom's heart jumped at the thought of those perfect thighs and hips weaving to the strains of some barbaric melody.

Cecile shrugged her pretty shoulders. "I can show you nossing here. There ees no music—no wax floor. Come to my pension—I show you there."



"It's a bargain," said Tom getting up eagerly. He poured out two small glasses of cognac. "To our better acquaintance," he said as they clicked glasses.

THEY found a taxi in front of the hotel. Cecile gave the driver her address and settled down beside Tom, her warm soft yet firm body pressing disconcertingly against his, doing things to his blood pressure.

"Far to your place?" he asked as casually as possible, striving to hide his eagerness.

"Oui, eet ees far—a long way," Cecile whispered into his ear, her soft hair tickling his face, the warm odor of vital young body crinkling his agitated nerves. "Do you mind, mon ami?"

Tom's arm encircled her delectable body, his hand finding soft curves that made his breath come in gasps. "What do you think? I could ride around like this with you all night. Kid, you're the only apple in the barrel."

Cecile snuggled closer, she gazed into Tom's avid eyes, her moist red lips pursed a few inches

from his. Madly Tom drew her to him, his lips found hers, glued there in a long, pulse-quicken-ing kiss.

"Let's speed up this back, sweet," he breathed into Cecile's ear. "I want to get to your place as soon as we can."

"You so funny. Why you want hurry now?" Cecile whispered, kissing him long and ardently. "We have the whole of the night. Why you so want to hurry?" Her voice was curious, tantalizing.

A burning wave of desire surged through Tom's feverish body. "A fellow can change his mind, can't he?" he asked anxiously.

"Of a certainty, mon cher," breathed Cecile, her warm lips touching Tom's cheek. She said a few words in French to the driver. It was bad French but Tom understood.

The taxi screeched to a stop in front of an ancient building, large, dark and forbidding but now apparently cut up into small apartments. Tom hurriedly paid the driver. Trembling with ardor they entered the smelly hall, Tom's arm

holding Cecile closely. They padded down the dimly lighted hall to a door which Cecile unlocked. She entered and lighted a shaded lamp. Tom followed at once.

The room was large and bare of furniture save a big, soft divan at one end, near which sat a small table bearing a phonograph and a number of records on a shelf fastened to the legs. In the center of the room stood a tripod holding a large bronze Buddha, its open mouth badly discolored from the smoke of interior incense fires.

Tom's eager arms encircled Cecile as he pulled her to his side on the divan. She turned her face from his kiss.

"Non—not now, mon cher. I must seeng and dance for you. You must know I good for your beeg show."

Cecile struggled from Tom's anxious grasp. His eyes followed her swaying hips as she crossed the room and disappeared through a door. Tom lighted a cigarette with trembling fingers as he waited impatiently.

She returned almost immediately placing a big square of incense in the Buddha. She then applied a match. A thin thread of pungent, sweetly fragrant smoke drifted lazily from its mouth toward the ceiling. The odor carried Tom on a wave of delightful languor—he forgot time—the strains of far away barbaric music aroused him.

The phonograph was playing a desert melody—first only faintly audible in the distance, now coming nearer with increasing power.

A faint clink as if gold coins tinkled attracted Tom. Cecile, her ivory body powdered a deep brown, came through the door into the dimly lighted room. Her beautiful arms formed a loop above her head as she revolved slowly on her little red toes, her voluptuous hips swaying to the strains of the wierd music. Tom's fascinated gaze rested on softly rounded curves, bare save for a tiny belt from which hung suspended a few strings of imitation gold coins and two small burnished cups that were rather inadequate for the service expected of them. Cecile's bare arms and shoulders were models of symmetrical feminine beauty.

Her soft contralto awakened Tom from his reverie. "I geeve you the Arab dance. You weel like heem—yes?"

"I'll like anything you do, sweet," Tom croaked, his voice hoarse with excitement. "Let's have it."

Cecile swayed slowly to the suppressed wierd rhythm of the Bedouins. Her swaying charms fascinated Tom. He sat in silence, his eyes catching her every move. The tempo of the music increased almost imperceptibly—then became louder. Cecile followed its every throb, her glorious

body weaving in harmony with the barbaric strains until in the thunderous finale she whirled at great speed, the bangles about her waist forming a small skirt in the air, her arms held before her, her pursed lips pleading to Tom.

Tom reached the limit of his endurance. Something inside of him snapped. He rushed across the floor—caught Cecile in his strong arms. His burning lips found hers.



"I must have you, sweet," he whispered, his voice strangely hoarse. "You're the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

Cecile, exhausted from her violent dance, collapsed silently in his arms. Her soft, warm arms locked about Tom's neck, her lips found his as she tensed momentarily and went limp in his arms.

THE delicious odor of frying ham awakened Tom. He rubbed his eyes. Cecile was busy in the next room preparing breakfast. He could see her through the open door.

Softly he slipped into the other room, enfolded Cecile in his arms, pressing a burning kiss against her cheek.

"A regular American breakfast, sweet!" Tom exclaimed, noting the eggs simmering in the pan. "You couldn't be an American, though even though your French does have a Flatbush accent once in a while."

Cecile colored deliciously. "You make joke with little Cecile, my beeg hero," she cooed, turning over the ham.

Tom took his place at the table. "Gosh," he exploded, looking at the clock. "It's nearly noon." Then his eyes settled on Cecile. "We got to get over and see Jimmy Ballard about your job. I'll—"

Cecile whirled, her face white, her eyes slitted while her little knuckles showed white as she gripped the skillet.

"Listen mug," she spat at Tom. "Ain't you

Jimmy Ballard. For a little or nothing I'd crown you with this hot pan."

Tom laughed uproariously. "So you're Flatbush after all! That's good. Did I tell you I was Jimmy Ballard?"

Cecile was silenced. It was true. She had not asked him who he was. The joke was on her.

"I'm not Flatbush, anyhow," she managed to say. "Waukeegan's the town—if you've got to know. What set's me afire is being taken to the laundry by a big Hoosier like you."

"You're a good guesser," laughed Tom, reaching for an egg. "Hoosier is right, sugar. I'm from Terre Haute."

"Don't sugar me, big boy. You and I are quits—now—"

Cecile dodged, but Tom caught her—crushed her to him. "See here, sweet, you don't need to get up-stage. I'm going back to the good old U. S. A. next week with Jimmy Ballard and his gals. I'll get you a job with Jimmy or I'll give you one—if you want it."

Tom's lips found Cecile's. At first she resisted—then clung to him.

"What kind of a job?" she asked, after their lips parted.

Tom smiled. "The one with Jimmy will be singing and dancing. The one I have will be cooking ham and eggs, washing dishes and—ah—so forth."

Cecile's eyes danced. Again their lips met.

"I'll take the one you have, dear. It sounds so good—especially the—ah—and so forth."



When the Cat's AWAY

PRIZE STORY

By PAUL D. EISENHAUER
Intervilla, Pa.



AS A NIFTY Parisian mama, the girl across the air shaft had everything Paris has to offer in the way of feminine pulchritude. And since she was posed before the window clad only in frilly chiffon undies, taking exercises, Russell Hastings felt that any headache he might get would be well deserved.

Russell wasn't exactly a peeping Tom. Instead he was just a lonely American in Paris who was anxious to find some of the things he had read and heard about. The girl across the air shaft seemed the complete answer.

Every gentle curve of her perfectly contoured body swayed enticingly as her arms went through a series of motions with a pair of dumbbells. And not only were there a lot of nice swaying curves, but she had a kissable baby face framed in alluring bronze curls.

Russell had been an interested spectator to her exercises for over ten minutes before the girl discovered him. At first she reached hastily for the window shade and started to yank it down. But the frown that formed on her face died at birth. Russell was not exactly the sort of male a maiden frowns at. He had a good natured, engaging smile that attracted them.

The girl hesitated for a moment, then allowed a responsive smile to touch her lips. Instantly Russell was making motions that indicated he preferred being in her apartment to his own. The girl smiled tantalizingly as she seemed to ponder the suggestion, then she slowly nodded.

The nod was hardly completed before Russell was on his way out of the apartment, seeking the corridor that led to the suites on the opposite side of the building.

This was once, he told himself, when he was putting one over on Bart Price, who had come to Paris with him. Bart had assured him that he should remain away from Parisian mamas and

attend strictly to the commercial—not monkey—business that had brought them to the gay city. Parisian femmes, he had declared, were dynamite that only got a man into trouble.

But, then, Russell knew that Bart was prejudiced. He had never been able to pick up girls as easily as Russell, and was always afraid Russell was going to put one over on him.

Russell felt sure that he was going to have plenty to tell Bart when the latter arrived home that evening. He was particularly convinced of it when he learned from a bellhop that the girl across the air shaft was Vivienne Flaubert, a former member of the Folies de Bergeres. Russell had always been quite partial to chorines.

He had hardly pushed the buzzer of the Flaubert suite before the door opened, and Vivienne, a dazzling vision of sheer loveliness in a black lace negligee, greeted him with a smile.

RUSSELL wasn't quite sure just what one said when first meeting a girl like Vivienne. But Vivienne took care of that detail very nicely. She stepped gracefully aside for him to enter, as though he were an old friend, and then led the way to a living room. Russell noted with interest that an ornate tub filled with ice and champagne bottles was parked at the side of a sofa.

"Do I say I thought you were an old friend from Topeka, or do I confess that I think you are lovely and wanted to meet you?" asked Russell easily, as he seated himself on the sofa conveniently near the bucket of champagne.

"It is always nice to make new friendships, Monsieur," replied Vivienne with a smile, as she seated herself beside him. "And friendships can always best be made over a glass of champagne, oui?"

"Oui!" agreed Russell quickly.

The popping of a cork led to brimming glasses, and brimming glasses led to more intimate conversation and then to caresses.

Russell, after two weeks of loneliness and complete boredom in Paris, was starved for the particular type of friendship the girl had to offer. Vivienne acted a bit starved herself.

Russell had hoped for many pleasant things while dashing around to the Flaubert suite, but had not anticipated anything half so pleasant as when Vivienne nestled her warm, soft curves in his arms and returned his kisses with equal fervor.

Why a girl so exquisitely attractive as Vivienne

should have to get her love from flirtations was something Russell could not figure out. But he didn't bother to waste any time doing so. The present was much too nice to waste any time on speculations, and whatever might be her reason



was something he should be grateful for, rather than worry about it.

THREE champagne bottles had been emptied, the afternoon was pretty far spent, and Russell and Vivienne were feeling very happy and contented when it suddenly dawned upon Russell that he had a business appointment that could not be broken. He would have to get Bart and have him keep the appointment.

"But Monsieur will be back quickly?" asked Vivienne anxiously, after Russell had explained the situation.

"Honey, there's nothing in this world that could keep me away!" declared Russell emphatically, as he gathered her hungrily in his arms and crushed his lips down against hers.

"But suppose your friend is not at home or will not keep the appointment for you?" asked Vivienne. "Bien! I have a plan! Here is my key, ehri. I shall need a nap. You can come in quietly after you have seen your friend or kept the appointment—and awaken me with kisses, oui?"

"Mais oui!" agreed Russell promptly as his fingers closed eagerly over the key.

This was far more than he had expected. An afternoon with Vivienne, then the key to her apartment so he could return whenever he wished. Who else had ever accomplished so much in such a short length of time?

Again the thought flashed through his mind that it was rather strange Vivienne should succumb so readily when she was so attractive and could have had her pick of any man strolling the boulevards. But Russell hastily shut it from his mind. Vivienne had fallen for him, and the way and where for were not going to annoy him.

Pressing her tightly against him, he kissed her again, then reluctantly left. With the key clutched in his hand to make sure he would not lose it, he dashed down the corridor to his own suite.

Bart was not there when he arrived, and he had to pace the floor with nervous impatience before Bart finally arrived.

"You don't have to tell me, the bellhop gave me the low-down on it all," declared Bart, before Russell could speak. "Have you packed your luggage yet so you can lose no time getting out

of here, or are you afraid to leave?"

"Afraid?" demanded Russell. "Afraid of what?"

"Don't you know?" asked Bart incredulously. "Didn't this dame you spent the afternoon with tell you that she is the wife of Fritz Flaubert, the heavyweight boxing champion of France? Maybe you didn't know, but the bellhop is certainly telling all he knows—and wondering when the call will go through to the coroner! Poor old Russell! Weren't you suspicious when a nifty dame like this Flaubert wren gives you the eye and lets you know she wants to be loved? No wonder—no other guy has the courage to go near her!"

Instantly Russell had visions of returning to America packed in a pine box. The vision was not so pleasant, and Vivienne Flaubert promptly lost much of her allure. They key to her apartment—and to that of the boxing champion of France!—suddenly started to burn his hand.

"What'll I do, Bart?" he demanded. "I didn't even know she had a husband, but I guess I couldn't make this Fritz bird believe that."

"Slide out the back way and hunt up another hotel on the other side of town," advised Bart. "I'll take care of your luggage. Better seram quickly."

"But I've got a key to her apartment," Russell announced, bringing it forth.

"Give it to me, I'll have it returned," said Bart. "Now seram."

But Russell had hardly waited for his friend to take the key before he was slinking down the corridor toward the rear exit of the hotel. Of all the dames in Paris, he would have to pick the wife of the boxing champion! Russell swore softly under his breath at the trick fate had played on him.

BART, however, was smiling with happy anticipation at the trick which had really been played. He hadn't lied to Russell about Vivienne's matrimonial connections, but he had quite failed to say that Fritz was in training in the Swiss Alps.

With the key to the Flaubert suite in his hand, he strolled contentedly down the corridor to Vivienne's door. He could give a swell reason for his substitution of Russell's place.



*When it comes to dice
and a pretty girl, it is
sometimes a pleasure
to lose the game of
chance, especially so,
when the girl is play-
ing a double game of
her own for surprising
stakes. A pulse-quick-
ening story of the cafes*

by Andre Beaupre

A Pleasure to LOSE



ARMAND FERNEL entered Julie's dressing room without knocking, to find her slumped listlessly in a chair. His swarthy eyes glistened with appreciation for the enticing picture she presented, sprawled lazily on her couch, wearing only a filmy robe over her very brief dancing costume.

"So you rest?" he murmured. "*C'est bien*, but soon you must dance."

Julie shrugged her shoulders.

"To an empty house?" she asked. "The last time I looked there were only three tables occupied."

"*Mais oui*," Armand replied, "and now there is but one. Yet I still say you must dance."

The little cafe in a Montmartre side street had seen the best days of the tourist season come and go. Both Armand, who owned the place, and Julie Garrone, who was the featured dancer, had recently been lamenting the lack of trade. It surprised the latter that Armand should be so insistent upon the entertainment for this lone guest.

"*Attendez*," Armand continued. "I shall explain so that even you, *ma petite*, may understand. The gentleman out there is an American. His pockets are bulging with franc notes and he is without a doubt our chance for *zee one grand coup*."

Julie was scornful. "I dance and then he flings me the fifty thousand franc note. *Zut*, Armand! You have been dreaming."

She raised her sleek body to a sitting posture, heedlessly permitting the robe to fall from creamy white shoulders and reveal the few bits of silk for a dance costume it had covered.

Armand, who had been in Julie's dressing room before, was still thinking of the money.

"It is not so simple as dancing," he explained. "Zee American will like that, *mais oui*, only he must have something more. He will see how desirable you are, he will want you, Julie; he will ask me about you. And then—"

"And then you give him the check?"

"Do not joke; it is *zee* serious matter. It is then that I shall propose the *coupe*. I will offer to gamble with him. Twenty thousand francs on the turn of the dice. If he loses, we shall divide it between us."

"If he wins?" Julie interrupted.

"*Ma petite* forgets my dice," Armand smiled. "I have yet to lose. *Voilà*, is it not simple?"

Julie stood up and flung aside her robe to slowly turn before her mirror in a self appraisal of her charms. Attired in the brief dance costume that attracted rather than concealed her white limbed loveliness was a potent enough lure for any sort of a gamble. Armand's arms closed

around her pliant waist and drew her close.

"With ten thousand francs each, we might have more time for love, *n'est-ce pas?*" he whispered.

Julie had a vivid memory of his passionate and fiery kisses of the night before, of the many ecstatic hours that had been theirs since she had become his sweetheart as well as the featured dancer in his cafe.

"*Bien, mon cher,*" she finally agreed. "I shall dance for him, but suppose that he does not find me desirable enough to wager such a sum as you mention?"

"Then he is a fool," Armand chuckled. "Any man in Paris would pay that for but one of your kisses. *Et aussi, ma charmante,*" he added discreetly, "I shall hardly let him know that your kisses have always been for me alone."

IT WAS true. Julie, reared in the slums of Paris, had yet to know a lover other than Armand. He had taken her when she was scarcely more than a child and though he himself had had other women, it was to Julie that he had always returned. Yet through it all, Julie had hardly changed, and was still much like the child Armand had taken.

Something that childish innocence lingered yet in her appearance; and the more fully she displayed herself, the more evident it was. No wonder then, that Steve Lathrop's eyes brightened above the rim of his glass as the lights darkened and Julie appeared on the minute stage of the dingy cafe. The undulating ivory sheen of her supple body, swaying like a vibrant reed to the jungle like lilt of the music, was a vision made doubly piquant by contrast. Julie's superb figure was a flawless diamond in a shabby setting, but seeing her, one forgot the setting.

As she danced, Julie's gaze met Steve's; in her eyes was an invitation that hinted of much—and left the rest to his vivid imagination. He could not understand, of course, the faint smile that curved her tenuous lips as she saw Armand very quietly taking a place next to him. The tempo of the music increased and Julie whirled faster and faster the fasteners on her costume began parting, revealing delectable anatomy that was not intended to be on display. For a moment she posed, then fled from the stage.

For a one man audience, the applause was deafening. Julie could hear it even after she closed the door of her dressing room. Heard it and laughed. Ten thousand francs! A winter on the Riviera and, best of all, a winter with Armand!

With a murmur of relief she kicked away all that was left of her dancing costume and faced the mirrored reflection of her completely au

natural figure with a happy smile. She closed her eyes and sighed, "Armand; Armand *mon chere!*"

The clothes she donned were of the cheapest sort and not too plentiful. A faded silk chemise, hosiery and then her gown. After all, with a lover like Armand, clothes mattered so little! Dressed at last, she made herself comfortable on the couch for a leisurely cigarette, pleasantly anticipating Armand's arrival.

He was not long in coming; but Julie's smile abruptly disappeared as she sensed that he was not alone. There was the distinct sound of another voice, an American voice!

"*Un moment, s'il vous plait,*" Julie heard Armand saying. Then the door to her room opened and Armand came in alone, bleak despair in his countenance.

"Armand!" Julie cried out. "*Dites-mois*, have you lost?"

The question was hardly necessary. Armand shrugged his shoulders and nodded sadly.

"*Oui, ma petite.* My grand coup, she is no more."

Julie grasped his arm. "But you told me you could not lose with your dice."

Another shrug of the shoulders; "Perhaps I did not tell the dice," he said dismally. "Ze American is waiting."

"*Mon Dieu!*" Julie gasped. "I cannot go with him."

Armand put a finger to her lips. "*Ne vous chagrinez pas,*" he said softly. "I have another coup, ze little one now."

"It is easy for you to tell me not to worry," Julie said grimly. "You have nothing to lose."

"*Ma cheri*, you cannot say that," Armand replied in hurt tones. "You are all my life. *Mais attendez*: von take the American to your rooms, not to his. Let him kiss you and caress you a little, let him expect much more. Before it is too late, I shall send Gascon and Gringoire to break in, to pretend that they are robbers. Be assured that the American will not stay, twenty thousand francs or not!"

"You will not fail me?" Julie asked fearfully.

Armand smiled reassuringly. "How could I, *ma petite*? I shall show the American to you now and then say *au'voir*, so that he will not suspect nothing."

He stepped to the door and flung it open to give Julie her first good look at Steve Lathrop. It was evident that the latter was a bit surprised to see Julie in such inexpensive attire, or perhaps to see her garbed in anything at all, so vivid an image had her dancing wrought in his mind.

STEVE himself was a head taller than Armand, while his evening clothes smacked of Bond street and his smile of Manhattan.

"*Bon soir, mam'selle,*" he greeted her, thereby using up fifty per cent of his French vocabulary. "I understand that I am to have the pleasure of your company for the rest of this evening."

"*Oui, M'sieur,*" Julie answered hesitantly, her fears rising as she saw Armand making a discreet exit. "I shall get my coat."

She followed him out the side door of the cafe to the curb where he assisted her into a waiting cab.

"Perhaps we ought to go somewhere and have a little drink together," Steve suggested as the driver started the taxi.

"*Pourquoi?*" she replied. "I have plenty of wine in my rooms."

Steve gave her a queer glance, nodded briefly. "Okay," he answered. "I like wine. Er, you haven't told me where you live."

Julie directed the driver to the building, a run down affair half hidden on a tortuously winding side street. She waited while Steve paid a ridiculously boosted bill and then led the way upstairs. It was a comfortable though not a large place, exotically decorated with the bizarre presents that Armand had secured for her.

Julie had no sooner closed the door than she felt herself drawn into the American's impulsive embrace, felt his hand bending back her head, his lips seeking the lush warmth of her own in a brief but torrid kiss. Then with equal abruptness, he released her.

"Sorry," he muttered hastily. "I—I've wanted to do that ever since I saw you, but I didn't mean to be a fool."

Julie nodded coldly, every nerve of her body tense with emotion. "It does not matter, *M'sieur*. I understand. Let us have some wine."

While Steve threw off his coat, Julie brought out a bottle and two glasses, hoping that the potency of the liquor might quiet the throbbing of her heart. After Steve's obviously sincere apology, her fears had lessened, but the tension was still there as she forcefully reminded herself of the real reason for his coming.

"*M'sieur* gambles much?"

He smiled. "It depends a lot on the stakes. Where women are concerned, the sky's the limit with me."

"Do you ever lose?"

"Do I look like a Don Juan? Of course I lose. That's what makes winning all the more a thrill." He set down his glass and moved nearer to Julie. "But I always go down fighting."

Julie remembered Armand's promise and tried to reassure herself that there could be no

harm in one or two casual kisses. It was also to be remembered that Armand had told her to let the gentleman expect much more. She forced a smile as she spoke.

"There are times, *M'sieur*, when losing is a pleasure."

In contrast to his first bold advance he was now rather slow to accept the tempting invitation by the proximity of her seductive loveliness. He did manage to slide his arm around her shoulders, to cautiously draw her nearer.

"You did not mind my kissing you?" he asked.

"I expected it, *M'sieur*."

"Can't we cut out this here '*M'sieur*' business?" Steve demanded.

"Mais out, . . . Steve," Julie agreed, "but are you in a hurry?"

Steve glanced at his watch and smiled. "I never have time to do all the things I'd like to in Paris."

"*Bien*," Julie replied.

This time she did not resist his embrace, nor did she give any outward sign of emotion as his lips closed ardently over hers, deliciously savoring their ripe, red warmth. His arm encircled her shoulders, holding her tightly pressed against his chest.

"You're lovely, Julie," Steve said softly. "Don't be afraid of me."

Julie's heart pounded recklessly as she allowed her own free hand to drop to her knee, intriguingly drawing her skirt up several inches. The



"*Mon Dieu! You paid him for me?*"

revealed expanse of the sheer white flesh of her bared thigh was enough to whip any man to fever, heat.

"Do I act—afraid?" she whispered.

A strange new thrill raced through her veins as Steve's caresses became more bold. His hand roamed freely, but every move was a further caress. In a few moments Julie began to doubt not him but herself.

There wasn't any doubt of his impatience! Rather breathlessly, Julie released herself. "More wine?" she asked.

While Steve poured out the drinks, she arose and faced his querulous gaze with an enigmatic smile. Then in one swiftly audacious gesture, her nimble fingers loosed the fastening of her dress. It fell to the floor, a useless cocoon from which emerged a diaphanously clad, gorgeously desirable vision of the ultimate in Parisian pynchitude. The tight-fitting chemise clung caressingly to the full blossomed, alluring curves of her delightful body.

The wine glass slipped unheeded from Steve's hands as he swept her into his arms, crushing his lips again in a fervent kiss upon hers.

Passive in his arms, Julie was making discoveries almost as fascinating as those of Steve's in his ardent and exploratory caresses. As his hands traveled restlessly over her and his lips continued to give searing kisses, a variety of emotions throbbed dizzily in her brain. The main one was that, rather than wanting to resist his caresses, she liked them! His kisses stirred her ten times more than Armand's ever had! And realizing that, suddenly and fearfully, she recalled Armand's promise. "I will send Gringoire and Gaseon. . . ."

Each of the latter was over six feet tall, each of them wielded a dagger with deathly precision. To have them break in now was the last thing Julie wanted.

"Non, non," she protested as Steve started to lift her from the floor. "You must go, *mon chere*. *Vite!*"

STEVE was dumbfounded at this sudden turn of affairs. "But Julie," he argued, "I'm mad about you. You can't give me this much en-

couragement and then——."

"*Mais oui, vous ne comprendrez pas.* I did not think that it would turn out like this. I did not think that you could make me feel the way you do, when Armand suggested this trick."

"Trick?" Steve asked curiously. "What the devil do you mean?"

"When Armand rolled dice with you, he expected to win, to have you pay him twenty thousand francs."

"We didn't shoot any dice," Steve replied. "I did pay him some money, but that was a business deal. He sold me your contract."

"Contract?" Julie murmured. "I did not have one."

"Well, I bought it anyway," Steve laughed. "It happens that I have a night club of my own in New York. I came to Paris looking for someone exactly like you to bring back with me for a new revue."

"*Mon Dieu!*" Julie gasped, and her thoughts concerning Armand were wholly unprintable. "You paid him for me?" she went on.

"With good American money," Steve answered, and added: "He seemed in a hurry to close the deal. Mentioned something about a night train to Monte Carlo."

As Steve drew her into his embrace once again with renewed ardor, it wasn't so difficult to understand why Julie wasn't too unhappy about Armand's trickery. She shivered ecstatically as the one brief bit of lingerie still clinging to her dropped heedlessly to the floor.

The only unexpected thing was that when Steve did return to New York sometime later, Julie was along, not as new talent for his night club, but as a contract performer in a lifetime revue, billed as Mr. and Mrs. Steve Lathrop, Incorporated!





Picking up Parisian cuties in cafes is an old American custom, but still a dangerous one, whether to the pocketbook or the nervous system. Jackson gets his full quota of thrills and shocks when he tries the great American pastime in Paris because he was bored with life and thought it time for diversion. Bradbury Edwards tells about it

TIME for Diversion

IT'S funny thing but they always say that a criminal always comes back to the scene of his depredations, and believe it or not, Jackson X. Thayer, the prominent young rising district attorney of a city near Chicago, had a growing yearning to revisit the scenes of those good old days, when you used to take a drink, tweak the ear of a pretty Parisienne and say with a shrug of your shoulders—"C'est la guerre!"

And though he was a staid business man now, almost forty and was supplied with plenty of action and thrills in his daily work in the courts, he entertained a secret desire that began to chafe on his restraint until he promised himself that as soon as he got through with the cases he had at hand he was going to gay Paree to wield a wicked hoof and gargle a bit of the pre-war Burgundy and cognac. O-o-o la la!

For, in spite of the fact that he was a handsome devil for whom the opposite sex always fell and fell with a thud, he had not succumbed to their wiles sufficiently to be inveigled into hoofing down the aisle of the church around the corner to the tune from Lohengrin. He was still a bache-

lor and what is more he had established a sort of a moral code of continence or is it total abstinence?

He attended musicales, card parties and other affairs where women were present, but he was always the genial district attorney. Never did he let himself go sufficiently to give them an insight into the real character of Jack Thayer, the pride of the old Thirtieth, whose boast over there had been—"Bring them on and watch them make a dive for yours truly."

Instead, he remained sadly aloof and coddled himself along with the notion and a half-promise that he would let loose in earnest once he got over to Paree, the place where you can do as you please without having the nosey neighbors setting up a commission to conduct an investigation into your personal affairs with the idea of convicting you of moral turpitude.

Well, as psychologists insist, repression is not good for a fellow and Jack became quite surly as May waned and merged into June, and then one sunny day he found that the court calendar was cleaned up and that the court had adjourned until September.



He could hardly credit his ears when he heard the good news. And the next moment he had swallowed almost half a pint of bourbon. Then he followed up with a few more and not until he was gloriously inebriated did he realize that Paris was at last a possibility and a very near one at that.

THAT next morning his secretary got him the accommodations on the steamer France sailing for Cherbourg within three days. He piled bag and baggage with a haste that knew no bounds. And he was in New York with twelve hours to spare.

He repulsed a winking blonde on the corner of Fortieth and Broadway almost viciously. He might as well wait till he got over there. No use starting up a fuss so close to home, besides some of the townfolk might accidentally be sojourning in the big town and reports would flicker back home to prove that he was not a good boy. So, he turned away much to the disgust of the sweet-looking dame who decided he was just a country sap.

He felt a kind of a drooping sensation on the trip across the big drink, but it was all dispelled when he stood on the big platform in the Gare Nord. He found a cozy little hotel and had things made to order for himself. He showed the frogs that he had money to burn and they immediately developed incinerating proclivities.

He tipped lavishly and had cognac on ice with a dish of snails and onions as a dessert. He had not asked for it but the genial inn-keeper had added it as a piece de resistance or what not for the new lodger's freedom with the silver pieces.

In the afternoon he sauntered out along the boulevard and took a peek at the *Arc de Triomphe*. Sort of renewing acquaintances, as it were. He spied the little bar where he and a flock of buddies had wrecked the furnishings one rainy evening much to the consternation of the owner. He walked in and had a drink of benedictine for old time's sake, but the old fellow who cried so piteously was not there any longer.

"Say, where's the old boy who used to run this joint during the war?"

The young fellow shrugged his shoulders characteristically.

"My papa? He's dead three years, sir. You knew him?"

"Only slightly," Jack said as he paid for his drink and departed.

He visited so many bars in that first afternoon that when he had had a supper served in his room, and smoked an evening cigar, he did not want to budge out of the place. He felt tired and overstimulated. His expedition for the greater impulse would proceed on the next day. So he retired early.

THE next afternoon he had tramped long around the byways and highways that are Paris, listened to the tooting of the horns and the cries of the old fellows who sold American magazines and papers at the kiosks. It was an unusually warm day, so he chose a nifty little street bar, which had those gay tables on the sidewalks, where you parked yourself in a chair under a big colored parasol and had a little snack or a big swallow, whichever you felt at that particular moment.

He ordered a bottle of Burgundy, ice cold, and got it. The waiter brought the glass and Jack gave him a real American dollar with the instructions not to bother him with the change, for by this time his roving eyes had spied a likely looking blonde at a table just two removed from his. She was dressed like nobody's business and her legs were encased in hot socks, which, however, fell short by about three inches of meeting where her skirts left off, which was about four inches above the knee.

It looked good to Jack and he summoned the garcon once more. That one, in view of the generous tip, hopped up obligingly.

Jack spoke in a low voice.

"That hot-looking blonde over there, is she engaged?"

The waiter shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not know, sir; maybe she is what you call married. I do not know."

"No, no," Jack protested, "you don't get me. Is she waiting for somebody?"

"No; I do not think. She always come here and sit for a while and drink eremo de minthe and then she go away. It is the same thing every afternoon."

"Oh, oh! Well, all right, you can go."

He looked over covertly and caught her glancing his way almost shyly. He didn't place much stock in that shyness though. He had had experience with that kind before and he knew.

He gave her a gracious smile which was returned with interest. He made eyes at her and finally included his head with a motion that asked for permission to join her. She jerked her head back prettily to indicate that she would be delighted with his company.

He took his bottle and glass over.

"Ah, mademoiselle, is so good

to let me come here."

"Oui?"

"Oui is right. I'm an American and I'm lonely."

She laughed in a silvery voice.

"I knew it the moment I saw you. I adore Americans. They save our country, n'est-ce pas?"

"Sure thing, I was with them then. C'est la guerre!"

She grinned broadly.

"And we owe those gallants so much, don't we?"

"Well, honey, if you want to start paying back part of that debt tonight, I'll be there to collect."

"Ah, monsieur is fooling me."

"No, no; I'm not kidding. I really would be tickled pink if you let me come up to see you. I have nothing on for the evening and I think the opera is boring. How about it?"

She smiled and nodded coyly in acquiescence.

"Tres bien, then, at nine-thirty. At Rue de La Chat Noir, 145. You will come?"

"Say, sister, does a duck swim? I'll come with a bang."

HE DID and she received him royally. There were drinks and everything and what's more she was not wearing a full dress suit. She had on a pink silk kimono through which he could see dainty purple pajamas of the same material. Her divine form showed to unspeakable advantage through the shimmering closeness of those thin garments.

"It is so hot," she explained.

He agreed and proceeded to make it hotter. He toyed with her and she permitted him to go on as she languidly tossed about on the red velour divan. He was in the seventh heaven of delight and his heart went out to the obliging demoiselle, who gave and gave and gave without asking for recompense. Not that he would fail to do the right thing by her. Jack was a sure enough sport.

The joys went on indefinitely and Jack was joyously saturating himself with the paradise she exuded. He gave her all of the love and passion he possessed and longed for more as she yielded



charmingly to his every whim. Boy, where were the States when they made babes like this?

Suddenly his sweet Elysium melted into nothingness as there came an insistent knock on the door. The girl slipped off the divan, resumed her garment and donned the silk kimono.

"It is Jan. My husband. If he find you here, we will be killed. He is so jealous."

Jack looked about for a chance to escape, but there was none. The room had not a window in it and not even the uncertain safety of a clothes closet would beckon to him. He was trapped and he knew it. So he nonchalantly sat back on the divan and lighted a cigarette. Come what may he had enjoyed the evening and he would pay for his happiness as the jealous Jan demanded.

Came another knock and another. Pierette was in tears, but finally she went to the door and turned the key in the lock and stepped into a corner daubing at her face with a lacy handkerchief.

Jan stepped in and began a tirade that immediately struck Jack as artificial. So they were trying to rope him in the old badger game, were they? Well, he'd fool them.

And then he took a second look at the bozo who was playing husband; he swore he wasn't French. And then he threw back his head and

laughed and laughed and laughed.

THE husband stopped his acting for a while and looked at the victim. That mustache was out of place. He mentally erased the hirsut adornment and then he remembered a familiar face.

"By the gods, it's Jack Thayer. 30th Division A. E. F."

"Yes, you big ham, and you're Billy Swanson. How in the deuce did you get here?"

"It's a long story, Jack, but necessity is the mother of invention and Pierette and I have been pulling this game for a year now with excellent results. How about joining us in a little drink?"

Jack grinned at Pierette who shyly came back.

"Well, I'll certainly admit that you've got good bait. Come here, sweetie, and let me kiss you again."

Then with her on his knee, he drank deeply and sighed a deep, satisfied sigh. Billy Swanson merely drank and grinned. And Pierette snuggled up closer, work being done for the evening, why shouldn't she enjoy a little diversion.

La guerre sometimes does funny things, even long after it's over.







The question of IS There a Santa Claus is answered in a delightful manner for the little French girl who climbed in the rear of Drury Veluze's car, to steal a ride to Paris. James Woodbury tells how Santa Claus was kind to Drury as well as to the fair hitch-hiker

There IS a Santa Claus



DRURY VELUZE was fed up. Fed up on Dijon. A whimsical notion had sent him down to the place. Wanted to see what it looked like. Dijon, the place where he had been born.

He had expected to find a lovely, old, quiet place in which to rest. Instead of that, he had found a modern French town, cursed with a new Hotel de Ville, vile with luncheon clubs, reeking with progressivism. Two days at the leading hotel had sufficed, after the long drive from Paris. He had driven all alone in his Renault, hoping to get away from everything, even his servants, into a locality where nobody would recognize him as Veluze, the producer. But the town erior had spotted him instantly. The Prefect tried to get him to speak. There was much to-do about successful native son having returned. He was properly disgusted.

As he guided the perfectly functioning car in between the hills he suddenly heard a giggle. He thought that his mind must be playing tricks upon him. Paid no attention to it. But again it came, insistently, not to be denied. He stopped the car, trembling. Was he cracking up at last, he wondered. He turned on the dome light and looked into the back seat. His heart almost stopped beating. There upon the back seat was the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life.

"Who the devil are you?" Veluze asked, not irritably, but nervously.

"You'd be surprised!" she returned, giggling again.

He looked at her slowly and carefully. Yes, she was real. More, she was astonishingly beautiful. About twenty, he judged. Slender, perfectly modeled figure. Deep, lustrous eyes that gazed impishly out at him from beneath long

lashes. A mischievous, pouty little mouth that seemed made for kisses. Dimpled knees that showed between stockings rolled below them, and skirts hitched up above.

"What are you doing in there?" Veluze asked sternly.

"Going back to Paris with you."

"The very hell you say! And am I not to have something to say about that?"

"I'm sure you'll take me. I want you to put me into one of your shows. I'll do anything. I'll even be a chorus girl, in order to work up from the very bottom."

"Obbliging of you," he said. "We'll turn right around and go back."

"Don't you think I'm pretty?" she countered.

"Of course, you're pretty, child," he admitted, "but Paris is crawling with pretty girls."

"As pretty as I?"

"Well, no, not quite," Veluze admitted.

"Then why?"

"Because a fresh, innocent young thing like you wouldn't keep the kind of beauty you have in Paris long."

"Why not?"

"Because the men would ruin her."

"Oh, but I don't intend to get ruined."

"That's what they all thought once. And besides, you're not in safe hands with me. I want you to get right back home. Tell me where to take you."

"I'm not afraid of you," she said. "Not one bit. You're nice. I like you awfully well. You're nice and tall and straight—not all bent over like the men down this way. And your clothes fit you so nicely. And you're so good-looking. I particularly like the little flecks of gray black hair. I'd like to run my hands through your hair. Sit down on your lap and run my hands through your hair."

"Stop it," he ordered. "I'm not made of iron. Where do you live? Tell me before I change my mind and decide to eat you every bite, as I'm tempted to."

"Are you tempted?"

"Very distinctly so."

"Well, drive me on to Paris."

"No, I won't do it. You're a nice little thing, and I want you to be safe. There are plenty in Paris, without spoiling—"

"You go right on and drive me to Paris with you," she commanded. "I'll positively guarantee that you needn't be afraid. Nothing will happen to me—at least not at your hands."

"But you said you liked me," he reminded her.

"Indeed I did, and do; and, what's more," she declared impishly, "I'll sit on your lap, and I'll run my hands through your hair, and I'll kiss you, and I'll tell you I love you, and still nothing will happen to me."

"Is that so!" he echoed. Every time she said that about running those flower petal little hands



through his hair it riled him no end. It was one of his pet weaknesses. All women liked to run their hands through his thick, curly black hair, flecked with gray.

"Yes, that's so."

"Well, let me tell you something," he dared; "you just try, right here, sitting upon my lap and running your hands through my hair and kissing me and telling me that you love me and see whether or not anything happens."

"All right," she invited, "come around here in the back seat, smarty, and get the surprise of your young life."

VELUZE was, by this time, past all endurance. He climbed out of the front seat. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning. They were miles from the nearest town. Hadn't passed another ear for hours. Up above the bright moon, all around the clover-scented blue green grasses, the rolling hills. As he climbed down out of the front seat a snatch of an old popular song that had, in the past, touched him every time he heard it, floated back to him:

"Way down in Italy,
That's where I'd love to be;
Where balmy breezes blow
And sweet magnolias grow."

He climbed into the back seat. Turned off the dome light. Took her into his arms. What a tiny little thing she was. And fragrant. Sweet. Infinitely tender. He seated her upon his lap. She lifted eager lips for his kiss. For some reason he kissed her softly, reverently, as he could not ever remember having kissed a woman before. She did, indeed, put her hands up into his hair. She murmured softly:

"I love you, Daddy, dear."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "*don't* call me *Daddy!* Of all the cheap, garish wisecracks of the typical dame from Dementia Sidewalks, that's the worst. I loathe it."

"But this time it's the truth," she interposed solemnly; "not just a wisecrack."

His blood ran like ice through his veins. It seemed that his flesh was crawling inside of his clothes. His scalp felt all hot and prickly. His teeth seemed about to chatter. He felt a shortness of breath. Hastily took her off his lap.

"What the hell are you talking about?" he snapped.

She giggled softly, huskily again:

"Don't take it so hard," she begged. "But it's true. You *are* my father."

"This joke has gone about far enough," he snapped.



"It's no joke. Really it's not. My mother told me. She even suggested that I climb into the back of the car, start back with you, and tell you when you discovered me. But I got tired being quiet in the back of the car, all hunched down on the floor."

"Your mother!"

"Yes."

"She lives back there in Dijon, without being married?"

"Oh, she was married, but her husband died several years ago. She has a job now. She wanted me to have a chance in the world. I've finished high school, and although I didn't go any further with my education, she read to me a lot . . . and I am better educated than the average for my age, I think. I'd just love to be on the stage. You'll put me on, won't you, dear?"

"What was your mother's name?" he insisted.

"Lambert. Grace Lambert."

Veluze nearly fell off his seat.

"You may be my—"

"No maybes about it. I am."

"I supposed Grace Lambert had died or moved away from Dijon years ago."

"Nope."

"Well, I'll be damned; further, I'll be double damned. You say that your mother *approves* of this wild notion of yours about going on the stage?"

"Absolutely. She said she thought you ought to do something for me. But I won't even think of taking advantage. I'll work hard, really I will; and I think I've got some talent. The stage—probably runs in the family." The graceless little dear laughed huskily.

"Don't!" Veluze said, gruffly.

"You'll take me then, if I'm very, very good, and work awfully hard."

"It's going to be hell. I'll have to watch out for you every minute. Will you promise me to stay absolutely straight, and not kick over the traces if I take you back?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Wouldn't you rather go to some college instead of—"

"I should say not! I want to go right to work. To become a great actress."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Veluze. "Come up on the front seat with me. We'll have to drive until morning."

Gleefully she climbed out of the back seat and went around to the front with him.

VELUZE started again to drive—with one arm. The other arm was around her protectingly. Dainty, beautiful little thing. His daughter! Think of it. A lump came up into his throat. He felt sentimental for the first time in years. Tired out from her long ride in the back seat, cramped up upon the floor, she went promptly to sleep, nestled against him trustingly. Veluze looked down at her little head in the crook of his arm:

"Way down in Italy,
There's where I'd love to be."

But he was frightened stiff. Think of the responsibility! Still, she seemed an intelligent, well-behaved little thing.

And, indeed, back in Paris, Veluze was amazed to find that, in addition to intelligence, she had talent. As the months went by this became more and more evident. Small parts capably handled developed into bigger parts capably handled until, to his amazement, she was making money for him.

But Veluze was not happy. Something queer had happened to him. He even thought, at times, of shooting himself. Night after night he attended her performances. Night after night took her home to her apartment, but would never go in for a drink, despite the fact that she urged him to. As he watched her perform upon the stage he knew that he was watching the most

beautiful young female he had ever seen in his life. And when he had left her at her door each night he went to the club to drink. To drink—and drink—and drink.

Nobody in Paris suspected, he knew. The idiots just imagined that he was in love with one of his new actresses. A Parisian poison sheet remarked that Veluze was drinking himself to death because a certain new find of his remained just a business acquaintance and would not even let him come upstairs when he took her home every night after the show.

Veluze ground his teeth and drank some more and wondered at the thoughts he found within himself. It seemed, at Christmas time, that he could no longer stand it. When, on Christmas Eve, after a late eleven o'clock show that lasted till two he took her home, he listened at last to her importunity.

"You've got to come upstairs with me tonight. I have a Christmas present for you. I insist!"

Veluze went upstairs. Looked about the cozy apartment, seeing it for the first time.

"Sit down!" she ordered, handing him a cocktail. "I want to talk to you."

He sat down and gazed at her silently, trembling.

"Do you know," she said, "you've been a perfect peach. And I love you—ever so much. I thought if I had a chance I could make good on the stage. Grace thought so too. She wanted me to have that chance. That's why she told me all about you—and her. That's why she suggested that I hide in the ear that night. She was sure that if I had a chance, on my ability alone, I'd go over, and I have. She's so pleased."

"You write to her?" Veluze asked huskily.

"Oh, yes, right along. Grace is wonderful. Not a conventional idiot like the rest of them down there in Dijon. I love her almost to death. Going down to see her this summer."

"I'd better be going," Veluze put in.

"But you haven't had your Christmas present yet. And God knows you deserve it. I was afraid you were going to drink yourself to death. And yet I wanted to be sure first that I had succeeded on my ability, purely. That's what Grace wanted me to do."

"Why do you speak of her, in that second-hand sort of way, as 'Grace'? Why don't you call her mother?"

"Because she's *not* my mother!"

"What?" The interrogation was like a shot. Veluze was on his feet instantly.

"And here's your Christmas present," she added, walking into his arms.



Toby Stokes had to resist the allure of the most beautiful girls in Paris, if he hoped to share in the strange will of his uncle. But a cousin who thought Toby should have the best temptations of femininity thrown in his path — and around his neck—and a lovely American girl who was caught in the rain didn't make things easy for him. Read Toby's solution to such a tantalizing problem in "Love Challenge,"

by Eleanor Sternig

Love CHALLENGE

THE apartment door closed. Toby Stokes wriggled uncomfortably. But he groaned aloud as the key turned from the outside. Trapped! Locked in with a bewitching Parisian charmer whose every move was like a searing caress. He had managed to dodge her amorous wiles all evening. There had been safety in numbers before. But two, right now, was the wrong one.

He half rose from the divan, his lean form trembling with anger. Then he settled back with a hopeless sigh as Mimi Ponselle tugged compellingly at his arm.

"What is wrong, mon cher? Do you not like to be alone wiz Mimi?"

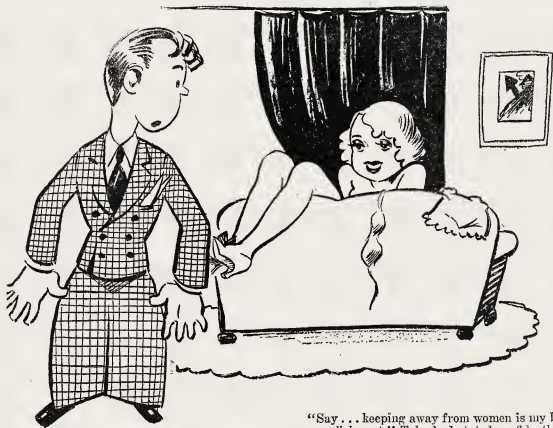
Her voice was low with passionate ardor. She

pressed her alluring curves closer. Toby squirmed deeper into the upholstered corner, his blood pressure increasing alarmingly. He ran a shaky finger around a wilting collar. If only this trap had not been set with such tempting bait!

"It—it isn't that," he faltered. "I wouldn't mind it after tonight. But . . . but . . . oh, what's the use!"

Yes, indeed. What was the use? How could he explain to this alluring minx that tonight was the last of a half year of torture and self denial?

Besides, Mimi probably knew that this situation had been connived by Bill Stokes in a final attempt to keep him from sharing in their uncle's will. Certainly, she had shown no surprise when Bill had deliberately locked them in.



FOR six months Toby Stokes had resisted temptation. It had seemed easy back in New York. He had even laughed when the law firm had suddenly routed him from his peaceful delving into insect life to inform him of the strange stipulation. But now that scene flashed through his mind like a nightmare.

"One of the conditions," the lawyer had intoned, "is that you spend six months with your cousin, William Stokes, at his art studio in Paris. During that period you are to resist any temptation to . . . er . . . ah . . . indulge in feminine companionship."

"That doesn't sound like Uncle," Toby had puzzled. "He was far from being a woman hater."

"Nevertheless, those are the instructions. Naturally, your cousin will put every obstacle in your path. He has been instructed to do so."

"What's the big idea?"

"We are not at liberty to disclose your uncle's purpose, except that it is a plan to . . . ah . . . test your will power."

"Say . . . keeping away from women is my best accomplishment," Toby had stated confidently.

And that had been no idle boast. His interests had always kept him from any contact with the fair sex. Women were a nuisance, anyway. All nerves. They got the jitters when he tried to show them some extra fine specimens of spiders. Bugs and their behavior were far more fascinating than the silly wiles of women. Occasionally, he favored one with a second glance, but only because some insect had settled on the lady's corsage.

Therefore, Toby had been considerably shocked to find himself returning the interested glance of the lawyer's blonde secretary. And there were no flies on her, either!

His eyes had fallen on soft, dimpled knees; up over full, gentle curves, and warm, red, smiling lips. He had even smiled back! But that didn't mean a thing, he had told himself. The wild bumping about of his heart was, of course, merely due to his anticipated trip to Paris.

And so his living hell had begun. Almost from the first, Toby had been besieged by dangerous damsels. Once in Paris, he was given no rest. Affectionate debutantes and alluring models in

various stages of *deshabille* murdered his nervous system. Only the realization that his cousin was constantly engineering these love plots served to bolster up his will power enough to pull him through. The maddening result was that he threw many a blissful moment over his shoulder.

BUT right now his will power willed only to take the fiery Mimi in his aching arms. His resistance was at a dangerously low ebb. Rebellious emotions, keyed up by a series of similar adventures, cried out for relief. Toby was tempted to forfeit his inheritance.

"Ah, mon pauvre Americaine," Mimi soothed, compassionately, running a tingling, flame-tipped hand over his fevered cheek. "You are starving for l'amour. Your eyes reveal it."

"How—how about a drink, first?" Toby managed to stutter.

"Oui! An excellent idea."

Toby ran nervous fingers through crinkly, brown hair. He watched Mimi as she prepared potent cocktails. His head cleared a little now that her warm body was no longer so close.

But even if she was only another "plant," Mimi had her points—and a bewitching supply of curves, he admitted. He watched the rapturous movements of her body so clearly delineated by her taut, satin gown and wondered at the amazing change in him. Six months ago this cutie-ging spectacle would have meant exactly nothing!

"To l'amour," Mimi toasted, clinking her glass with his.

Toby shrugged and downed the liquor. It added fuel to his emotions. After the third drink, he determined to end his torture. Until tonight, one drink had been his limit. But earlier in the evening, Bill had coaxed two on him in celebration of their last night under their strange agreement. Then, like a fool, he had permitted himself to be dragged to this place where a party was presumably in progress. After that, Bill had duked—with the key. But what the devil? This was going to be a party after all.

Toby reached out for the pliant form to snuggle it close, but Mimi evaded him.

"Wait, Tobee." She smiled slyly at him. "I will remove zis new gown. You will like Mimi in a negligee, non?"

He watched the provocative sway of her hips as she disappeared into the dimness of her boudoir. With Mimi out of sight, he managed to regain a semblance of sanity. The thought that his cousin might have paid the little vixen to entertain him made Toby decidedly nervous. Perhaps even now Bill was returning with witnesses to vouch for his misdemeanor.

"You darned fool," an inner voice chided. "Where is your pride? Going to let Bill have the laugh on you?"

He had to find a way out. A plan formed in his mind. With cat-like stealth, he reached the bedroom door. It was slightly ajar. For one turbulent instant Toby was tempted to fling it wide and enter. What normal man could resist the ravishing picture Mimi presented? Clad in sheer lingerie, her supple, perfectly formed beauty was certainly a sight worth beholding. Only with a supreme effort did Toby manage to tear his eyes away. Deftly he slipped his hand inside, yanked out the key, slammed the door and got it locked. Mimi's cries of *ehagrin* and furious pounding made Tobin grin.

"Do you not like to be alone wiz Mimi?" he mocked. But there was no more time for levity. Since the outer door was locked, he would have to find another exit before the enraged girl's shouts brought help. He flung open the French windows and stepped out on the small balcony overlooking the apartment court.

DISMAY clutched him as he noted that the fire escape ran along a hall window. Any attempt to reach it would be perilous. But a renewed clamoring by Mimi prompted him to take the risk.

It was beginning to rain. The balcony rail looked slippery. Loss of balance meant a five-story plunge to the ground. Hugging the rough wall, he managed to get on the top. For one breathless moment Toby evorted precariously. He leaped! His hands contacted cold, wet steel, nearly slipped. He clawed desperately at the metal rungs, swung his body on the steel structure and clambered to the bottom.

"Whew! That was closer than a Scotchman," he sighed; then grinned. "I'll bet not many guys would risk their necks to escape from a charming woman."

He strode along the crooked, little street which boasted a mixture of dwellings. Modern apartments flanked quaint French cottages. Street lights were reflected in puddles of water, and Toby became aware that his clothes were drenched.

A cruising taxi rattled along. Toby hailed it and settled himself comfortably in the jerkily driven vehicle. Just a few more hours and his life would once more be his own. Free to respond to the many desires which had become so sharpened these last few months.

After paying his fare, Toby dashed up the steps of a cozy studio apartment.

At the door he paused, key in hand, breathing heavily. To his surprise, the door opened at his



touch. Rhythmic music floated from the warm, softly lighted interior. So Bill had returned and was probably gloating over the success of his plot.

Toby peered in cautiously. Bill was not in sight. No use getting into a brawl tonight. He didn't feel up to it after his emotional tussle. Maybe he could sneak into his room without being seen. His stealthy progress across the room was muffled by a thick rug.

"Gosh, that fire looks inviting." Toby moved toward the glowing hearth, chilled to the marrow. About to settle himself in a nearby chair, his eyes fell with puzzled wonder at the wet garment draped over its back. A girl's coat! A hasty glance netted more feminine apparel, neatly folded over the divan back. Then he stood rooted to the spot!

On the cushioned divan, apparently asleep, lay a perfectly formed girl. One rose petal cheek was cradled on a slim hand. Damp tendrils of golden-blond hair clustered about her delicately lovely face and head.

Another woman would probably have emulated the prince who awakened the Sleeping Beauty with a kiss. But Toby Stokes only gasped: "Ye gods! Another one!"

Instinct suggested flight, but he was cold, wet, and his teeth clattered like castanets. His strong, straight nose wrinkled. He pressed a finger under it in a vain attempt to stifle the sneeze. The noise brought a sudden fluttering of long, silky lashes. Blue eyes gazed wonderingly up at him. She was clad in a revealing robe de nuit. Ravishing, to say the least.

"Hello," she greeted, sitting up.

"W-what are you doing here?" Toby demanded, feeling sure that his cousin had arranged this to forestall any eleventh minute escape from Mimi. Bill was wiser than he had suspected.

"Getting dried out. I was all wet."

"Oh, yeah? So is your plan. You've got to go!"

"I have no plan. I'll leave that to dictators like you," the blonde intruder snapped. "I think you're mean. Where is your American chivalry? I'm from the States myself."

Reluctantly, Toby believed her.

"No matter. I can't be found here with a girl tonight. How did you get in, anyway?"

The girl smiled, eyeing him mischievously. She drew her scantily covered knees up under her delicately cleft chin.

"Well," she began, "it all hinges on too much rain and not enough money for cab fare. I dived into the first convenient place I could find. Your door was open, so I helped myself to some

heat, this very comfortable negligee and fell asleep while my clothes dried."

"I see. That robe belongs to one of my cousin's models. I'm only a guest here. You'll have to go before Bill returns."

"Oh, then you're not the artist?" she sighed, unclasping her shapely legs. "I was hoping you would be. Artists are famous for their hospitality." As Toby winced at her words, she added: "Never mind. My clothes are nearly dry. I'll scam before your host comes."

"He may be here any moment. Please . . . ah . . . ah . . . ehoo!"

"Say!" Rising to her slender, alluring height, she came to Toby's side. "Off with those wet clothes. I'll mix a bracer while you change. I could do with one myself."

Her solicitous interest dealt a telling blow. It was quite impossible to rebuff such motherly tactics. Meekly acquiescent, he sauntered off to his room. A little later, clad in his favorite dressing robe, he returned to find the stimulants in the process of preparation.

She smiled radiantly and patted a place for him on the divan. Toby settled back gingerly, eyes on the small, cocktail table which bore the makings.

The setting was unpleasantly reminiscent of Mimi's little trap. Yet this girl was vastly different. She was tantalizing in a way that got under your skin. And her appeal, Toby suspected, was far stronger than his crippled will power. If he could only be sure that her presence here on this particular night was accidental rather than by design. But, unfortunate, there was something vaguely familiar about her which meant only one thing . . . Her voice startled him out of his puzzled reverie.

"Is that your natural face, Mr. Gloom?" she teased. "Or are you really afraid your host might object?"

Toby glanced at her, a hot retort on his lips. His words ended in a gulp, however. She was busy with the cocktail shaker and each move did enchanting things to alluring curves candidly revealed through her lacy garment.

"You . . . er . . . must be cold." He tried to make his voice sound casual.

"Not at all! But *you* must have the chills. You're trembling like a leaf. Here . . . drink up!" As she bent over to fill his glass, the robe de nuit yawned. But that didn't make Toby sleepy. On the contrary, the delightful contours roused him to action. He accepted his drink and held it aloft.

"To a little matter of wills. Good and bad. I hope Bill enjoys my share of Uncle's!"

Toby gulped the contents of his glass, then

hurled it into the fireplace. Suddenly he gathered the astonished charmer compellingly into his arms. With thrilling dexterity his hands sought out the curves and hollows which had intoxicated his senses beyond reason and transformed him into a hungry madman. Pent-up emotions escaped in a raging flood of ecstasy. The girl tried to struggle but he held her tight. Soon the warmth of the fire was rivaled by a circuit of heat which closed when lips met lips. . . .

"Have you lost your mind?" the girl gasped, her eyes alight with pleasurable wonder.

"No. Just a fortune. But you're worth it!"

"Sure you aren't making a mistake?"

Toby Stokes kissed her fervently before answering.

"Sweetheart, if being in love and happy is a mistake, then I'm the world's biggest blunder. But, gosh, I don't even know your name. Tell—." He broke off as the door swung open and a breathless couple barged in. "Bill . . . Mimi!" he gasped.

"Yeah. Having a little party of your own, eh?" Bill sneered.

But the French girl, her eyes blazing and voluptuous form quivering with indignation, confronted the startled lovers.

"Saere bleu!" she stormed. "So you lock Mimi up. You pull on her ze cross double for anozer femme. I keel you for zat. I—I keel you both!"

THE French beauty sprang forward with panther-like speed. There was a flash of white thigh and steel as her hand whipped out of her stocking top a small, sharp dagger. Toby sidestepped her charge, caught her tiny, flying wrist. Bill shrank back, ashen faced. The American girl looked on with wide-eyed concern. Toby tried to twist the weapon from Mimi's hand.

"Mon Dieu!" she screamed. "You are breaking my arm."

"I'll break your lovely little neck if you don't drop that stick!" Toby threatened savagely.

Mimi struggled like a wildcat before nerveless fingers released the glittering weapon. Toby whirled her around, snaked his left arm around her slender waist. Then, half lifting her off the floor, applied a resounding smack where naughty children find it does the most good. Mimi retired, sniffling, into a far corner.

"Better take your little playmate back to the

jungle before I lose my temper," Toby advised his relieved cousin. "And don't bring any more around."

"I won't have to." Bill looked insinuatingly at the scantily clad blonde.

"Okay. You caught me with the goods. So what? I'd have chucked this rotten business long ago if I had found a girl like this."

"Just a minute, Toby," the girl surprised him. "You, too, Bill Stokes. You may be interested in what I have to say."

"Who are you, anyway?" Bill demanded.

"I'm Doris Holm, secretary to the lawyer handling your late uncle's estate. This extract from the will should clear matters."

She picked up her purse and dumped its contents on the cocktail table. Toby gaped at the neat roll of bills which tumbled out of the bag. Doris flushed but proceeded to select a paper from a manila envelope. She handed the slip to Toby who read aloud:

"In the event my nephew, Tobias Stokes, has successfully resisted all efforts of William Stokes to rout him from his stupid emotional slump and Miss Doris Holm is interested enough in his welfare, she is to go to Paris for a last minute attempt to save him. Tobias may be forgiven—even commended—for spurning any love-trap set by his obliging cousin. However, should he spurn the advances of the charming Miss Holm, it may be definitely concluded that he is no true son of a Stokes and does not deserve a penny of my fortune!"

"Well, I'll be . . ." Bill spluttered for words and finally stuck out a congratulatory fist. "I'm good at being best man, Toby."

After Bill and the sullen Mimi had departed, Doris gazed adoringly at her lover.

"No man could rate better than second best with me," she assured him. "But are you sure you won't be more interested in some worm than you are in me?"

Toby Stokes traded caresses for bliss before answering. "Sweetheart, there's only one thing that crawls that could interest me at all."

"And what's that?" Doris murmured, snuggling even closer in his amorous embrace.

"Something that looks like you and says 'da-da'!"





on approval. Just mail the coupon and we'll send you a set of three remarkable auto books. Just off the press. Whether you are a mechanic or laborer, expert or beginner, auto owner or driver, if you're interested in knowing all about automobile mechanics then this set is just what you need. **NEARLY 100 PAGES ON DIESEL ENGINES**

A better plan is to purchase this book. **DISCOVER** how to go into business for yourself and get a share of the huge profits are waiting for any man with even half the desire to improve himself. Learn auto repairment with these wonderful books. A new, up-to-date, complete, in-depth manual. Simply use the **100% PLAN** to learn the answer in any auto problem. Built for eleven of America's greatest automobile engineers, and written in simple language so you can understand it. Very recent cars, all covered.

FREE! Send NOW and we will send you an extra laser leaf Volume No. 7 with 1936 cars and diagrams and also that famous book "Automobile Service Shop Manual" sent.

AMERICAN TECHNICAL SOCIETY
Box 44, A. 100, St. East, A28
Chicago, Ill.

NAME _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Also, write, stating new, occupation, name and address of employer and that of at least one business man as reference.

Lost, Strayed Or Stolen
Sido Show Barker: "We'll have to close down. Our three czech dancers have disappeared."

Sword Swallow: "Gee! That's a lot of lost motion."

Times Between
"Unmarried?" questioned the passport clerk of the Hollywood movie queen.
"Occasionally," replied the star.

The Viewpoint
Henry: "Your wife is very broad-minded, isn't she?"
Bill: "Oh, yes, awfully. She believes there are always two sides to a question—her own and her mother's."

Clear Track
Flapper: "Have you any green lipstick?"
Drug Clerk: "Green lipstick?"
Flapper: "Yes. I'm going out with a railroad man tonight."

All According to the Amount
Husband: "What would you do if I should die and leave you?"
Wife: "Leave me how much?"

Hopeless
Pickpocket (up for his tenth offense): "Judge, I'd like to have my case continued. My lawyer is sick."

Judge: "But you were caught with your hands in this man's pocket. What can your lawyer say in your defense?"

Pickpocket: "Precisely so, your honor; that's just what I'm curious to know."

Socked
Bill: "I think Jane will make an ideal wife. Everytime I call on her I find her darned her father's socks."

Joe: "That fooled me for a while, too—until I discovered that it was always the same sock."

BLOOD AND RANSOM

By John S. Gotshall

A full book-length novel that concerns the kidnapping of a wealthy man's son and the horror and heart-breaking suspense that followed in its wake—in the

DECEMBER ISSUE

of

DETECTIVE & MURDER MYSTERIES

At Your Nearest News Stand 15c



MENTAL MAGIC WITH CARDS by Jean Huzard

A new and valuable work giving the methods by which even a beginner can entertain any audience with playing cards. Forty "mind reading" effects requiring comparatively little sleight of hand. Price, \$2.00. Associated Authors, 1008 W. York St., Phila., Pa.

Ask for **Century SHEET MUSIC**

You can get any of the 2,700 standard and classical, foreign and American compositions in this Edition at only 15c a copy postpaid. Every copy guaranteed correct in every detail, and equal to the best published or money refunded.

Contains music in all grades for Piano, Violin, Saxophone, Mandolin, Guitar and Vocal suitable for teaching, drawing rooms and concert. (It is not sing along music.)

Drop us a card today to address letter for our **FREE catalogue**

15c

EDAH'S AMUSEMENT CO.
1008 W. York St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SPICY 16 mm. FILMS

THE TREAT OF A LIFETIME

at

\$2.50 per reel up

postpaid

Such titles as

She Couldn't Say "No"
Sally's Sun Bath
Why Men Go Wrong
and over 50 others

Send Stamp for Catalogue

EDAH'S AMUSEMENT CO.
1008 W. York St. Phila., Pa.



FREE to Our Readers!

An 8x10 Hand-Colored Enlargement of Your Favorite Photograph . . .

The publishers of this magazine are making you this limited amazing offer . . . think of it! You can get an 8x10 enlargement of any good snapshot or hand colored negative for just the cost of packing, handling, mailing, etc., which is only 25 cents.

Get out your family album . . . perhaps you have a good snap or photo you would like a fine enlargement of. The enlargement we offer is the kind you would expect to pay at least a dollar for . . . it's finished by expert craftsmen . . . has that expensive photograph appearance, making it look like a life-like original picture. Send any subject.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

We guarantee to return your original in perfect condition. Send bust, full length or group snaps or negatives of Mother, Dad, Sweetheart, Scenes, Animals, Pets, Baseball or Football teams or any subject. We enlarge to a beautiful 8x10 fadeless photograph hand colored . . . but you must hurry before this offer is withdrawn.



A REGULAR \$1.00 VALUE

The hand colored enlargement offered here represents a genuine \$1 value . . . the hand coloring is done by artists who have made art their life work . . . think of it, you can get one of these for the mere cost of handling, packing and postage . . . only 25c . . . nothing more to pay.

RUSH THIS COUPON

There's nothing to sell . . . nothing to buy . . . no strings whatsoever to this offer. Just clip the coupon and send it to us with a good snap or negative and enclose 25 cents (stamp or coin) to help pay for packing, handling, postage, etc. Rush coupon now, before this offer expires.

**BE SURE TO BUY NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE
FOR OUR NEW FREE OFFER**

THIS OFFER EXPIRES FEBRUARY 1, 1937

A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

We, the publishers of this magazine, appreciate that you buy and read this magazine . . . that's why we are making this non-profit photo enlargement offer. Act at once and be one of the lucky ones to participate in our generosity . . . we guarantee you will be 100% satisfied or your money back . . . get your \$1 hand colored enlargement for only 25c . . . hurry the coupon!

ASSOCIATED AUTHORS, Inc.

Room 504, 125 E. 46th St., New York City

Send me an 8x10 hand colored enlargement of the attached photograph. I enclose 25c in full payment. It is understood you will return my original in good condition . . . also I must be 100% satisfied or you will refund my 25c.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

This coupon good only until February 1, 1937

P.N.

Widow Thought Old Book Worthless Sells It for \$200

Mrs. American Bell, San Diego, California, a widow, discovered a book printed in 1876 among the effects of her late husband. She had no idea it was worth anything until she sent for the American Book Mart's latest price list and found her book described there. Imagine her joy when she sold it to them for \$200.00. She writes, "I never dreamed I would receive \$200.00 for it. Was I overjoyed? I'll say so!" You too may have valuable old books in your home—stored away in old trunks, attic, or basement. The American Book Mart, the largest company of its kind in the United States, wants to buy thousands of old books of all kinds (bibles, almanacs, old letters, etc.) old newspapers and magazines. Many published only five and six years ago are valuable. A single book that looks worthless may bring you \$50—\$100—\$500—or even \$5,000 in cash! Is there a fortune hidden among your old books? Better investigate now! Send 10c today to American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 276, Chicago, Ill., and they will send you latest list of old books they want to buy and the prices they will pay!

'PROLONG-IT'



59 times only \$1 (\$1.5 C.O.D.) Send for it today. Mailed immediately in plain sealed wrapper with full directions. Free 10-day trial. CHICAGO LABORATORY PRODUCTS P. O. Box F-3850, Merchandise Mart, Chicago

PHOTOGRAPHS TELL THE STORY
See "Prolong-It" and 10 wonderful girl photos in our daring and tantalizing poses to show everything to your very best advantage.

"Prolong-It" revealing new cartoons showing a doctor's amusing experiences with his pretty patients.
See "Prolong-It" new series set of 15 "Deep Blue" photos showing actual affairs in a real "Men Men Men".
See "Prolong-It" new set of 10 brilliant "Prolong-It" photos showing actual spanking of girls and young women.

A \$5 extremely safety waterproof film with all 35 aerial. All the above photos are the type you keep in your inside pocket and make sure there are no holes in your pocket either—\$1 per set or if this is your first order, we will ship all of the above for \$5, express shipping only. Cash, stamps or C.O.D.

MODERN PRODUCTS, P. O. Box 288, Rockford, Ill.

ANY BOOK Through our connections with the world's foremost publishers we can get you ANY BOOK available.

CONSCIENTIOUS COMPANY
Room 1205—1015 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN... DON'T WORRY!

Premier Tablets are sure, safe, harmless. Effective in most discouraging cases in 3 to 5 days. Mailed same day order received, in plain package.

VALUABLE INFORMATION FREE

with each order. Send \$2 to

PREMIER PRODUCTS

P. O. Box 118 St. Paul, Minn.

Remedy

Mrs. Blah: "Doctor, my husband talks in his sleep. What can I do to help him?"

Doctor: "Try letting him talk a little in the daytime."

Around And About

Judge: "How old are you, madam?"

Madam: "I'm around twenty."

Judge: "Yes, I know you are but how many years is it since you got around it?"

All Negative

Haystrung: "Now that you're married I suppose you're finding out your wife's likes and dislikes?"

Binder: "Great scot, do you suppose she has any likes?"

A Private Party

Jazzheimer: "Between you and me, what do you think of Jane Joybox?"

Parlorloafer: "Between you and me, not so much; by alone—oh, boy!"

Suffocation

"Dearest," he cried, as he nearly smothered her with kisses, "can't you see that I like you?"

"Like me?" she panted. "If that's the way you act when you like a girl I don't want you to love me."

My, What a Time!

Him (over phone): "This is the fellow who kissed you good-bye at your door last night."

Her (sweetly): "At what time?"

A Matter of Form

Anna: "That skirt you have on is so tight I can see what you have in your pocket."

Belle: "But I have no pockets."

Anna: "Then what's that lump?"

Belle: "Oh, that's a mosquito bite."

"BACK TO NATURE"

NATURAL FLESH Colored PHOTOS

Showing features in natural colors. These are ACTUAL photos made from IMPORTED NEGATIVES in the original colors. Couples and singles, in all twenty (20) ORIGINAL & UNUSUAL POSES. Fine quality; one of these colored photographs will please more than three or four of the regular black and white photos such as you may have seen in the past. If you want quality, here it is. Sent prepaid on receipt of

FREE \$1.00 FREE

We are now selling a new series of CAPTION BOOKS and with every order of one COLORED PHOTO, we include without charge, a sample caption book to show what we have—ALSO A LOT OF NEW TITLES IN THIS SERIES.

Use coupon below for your order and

FREE CAPTION BOOK

UNIVERSAL COMPANY
468 E. 16th St., Dept. 1, NEW YORK CITY

UNIVERSAL CO.	
468 E. 16th St., Dept. 1, New York City	
Send me everything listed in your advertisement of Colored Photos, including FREE CAPTION BOOK, all others provided by you. Enclosed find \$1 in full payment.	
NAME	CITY
ADDRESS	STATE

Hygienic Products and Drug Sundries

AGENTS WANTED

Lowest Wholesale Prices

Sell Drug Stores and Physicians

Sample doz., 25c; 6 doz., \$1; 12 doz., \$1.50

DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR BLADES

100 Blades, 50c—Cash with order

Price List, 10c. We pay postage

GLINK'S

464 Rhodes Ave., Akron, Ohio



LONELY?

Let me arrange a romantic correspondence for you. Find yourself a sweetheart thru America's foremost select social correspondence club. A friendship letter society for lonely ladies and gentlemen. Members everywhere. CONFIDENTIAL introductions by letter editors, dignified and continuous service. I have made thousands of lonely people happy—why not your wife for FREE select participants. Evan Moore, Box 905, Jacksonville, Fla.

SONG POEMS

WANTED AT ONCE!

Mother, Home, Love, Patriotic, Sacred, Comic, or any subject. Don't delay—send poem today for our offer.

RICHARD BROS

96 Woods Building Chicago, Ill.

Read SCARLET ADVENTURESS—at all news stands—25c

The Forbidden Secrets of Sex are Daringly Revealed!

AWAY with false modesty! At last a famous doctor has told all the secrets of sex in frank, daring language. No prudish beating about the bush, no veiled hints, but TRUTH, blazing through 576 pages of straightforward facts.

Love is the most magnificent ecstasy in the world... know how to hold your loved one, don't glean half-truths from unreliable sources. Now you can know how to end ignorance... fear... and self denial!

Everything pertaining to sex is discussed in daring language. All the things you have wanted to know about your sex life, information about which other books only vaguely hint, is yours at last.

MORE THAN 100 VIVID PICTURES

The 106 illustrations leave nothing to the imagination... know how to overcome physical mismanaging... know what to do on your wedding night to avoid the torturing results of ignorance.

Some will be offended by the amazing frankness of this book and its vivid illustrations, but the world has no longer any use for prudery and false modesty.

Don't be a slave to ignorance and fear. Enjoy the rapturous delights of the perfect physical love!

Last love... scandal... divorce... can often be prevented by knowledge. Only the ignorant pay the awful penalties of wrong sex practices. Read the facts, clearly, startlingly told... study these illustrations and grope in darkness no longer.

SEND NO MONEY!

To show you our faith in your satisfaction with this amazing book, we are offering it to you on trial. You send no money—just fill out the coupon below and then when it arrives, in plain wrapper, pay the postman \$2.98 plus postage. Keep the book five days, then if you are not completely satisfied, send it back and we will refund your money immediately without question. "Sex Harmony and Eugenics" will not be sold to minors.

576 DARING PAGES



ATTRACT THE OPPOSITE SEX!

Know how to enjoy the thrilling experiences that are your birthright... know how to attract the opposite sex... how to hold love.

Are you an awkward novice in the art of love-making? Or, a master of its difficult technique? Knowledge is the basis of the perfect, satisfying love life. Ignorance leads to fear, worry, disease and shame. End ignorance today. You owe it to yourself—to the one you love—to read this book NOW!



THIS BOOK
NOT SOLD
TO
MINORS

OVER 100
GRAPHIC
ILLUSTRATIONS

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW

The Sexual Embarras
Secrets of the Honeymoon
Mistakes of Early Marriage
Venereal Diseases

How to Regain Virility
Sexual Sterility
Glands and Sex Instinct
The Truth About Abstinence

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

Joys of Perfect Matrimony
What to Allow a Lover to Do
Intimate Feminine Hygiene
Birth Control Chart

How to Attract and Hold Men
Sexual Slavery of Women
Essentials of Happy Marriage
The Sex Organ

A FAMOUS JUDGE
SAYS THAT MOST
DIVORCES ARE CAUSED
BY SEX IGNORANCE!

■ When a man and woman who have been mutually attracted to each other and have enjoyed each other's company separate, there must be some tragic misunderstanding. In most cases that misunderstanding is due to sex ignorance.



IS SEX IGNORANCE
DRIVING THE ONE
YOU LOVE INTO THE
ARMS OF ANOTHER?

■ Learn how to keep the love of your husband or wife at the high pitch of thrilling devotion. A satisfactory sex life will bind your loved one to you for all time.

There is no longer any need to pay the awful price for one moment of bliss. Read the scientific pathological facts told so bravely by Dr. Rubin. The chapters on venereal disease are alone worth the price of this book!

You want to know, and you should know everything about sex. Sex is no longer a sin, a mystery, it is your greatest power for happiness. You owe it to yourself, to the one you love, to tear aside the curtain of hypocrisy and learn the naked truth!

FREE! AMAZING NEW BOOK ON NATURAL METHOD OF BIRTH CONTROL
A WAY with artificial devices! Nature offers a dependable, healthful method of controlling conception as recently proven in startling scientific tests. The famous Ogino-Knaus theory of rhythmic birth control is explained in detail and includes a complete table of fertile periods. This book is FREE with orders for Sex Harmony.

PIONEER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Rodio City, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York City

Pioneer Publications, Inc., 1270-6th Ave., Dept. 179, New York, N.Y.

Please send me, "Sex Harmony and Eugenics" in plain wrapper. I will pay the postman \$2.98 when journey on delivery. If I am not completely satisfied, I can return the book and the entire purchase price will be refunded immediately. Also send me FREE OF CHARGE, your book on "New Birth Control Facts."

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____ Age _____

Orders from Foreign Countries 15 Shillings in Advance



*Doubles
World-Wide
Radio Enjoyment
and Slashes
Radio Current Bills
in Half!*

Only MIDWEST GIVES YOU PUSH BUTTON TUNING plus Exclusive New ELECTRIK-SAVER for 1937



ELECTRIK-SAVER cuts radio wattage consumption 50%... enables electric shutters to conserve up more current than ordinary 7-tube radios and to operate on voltages as low as 80 volts.



**PUSH
BUTTON
TUNING**
Finger tip tuning is made possible with the Midwest Automatic Push Button Tuning System. Doubles radio enjoyment.



NEW 1937 *Air Tested* **16-TUBE** MIDWEST FIVE-BAND RADIO

SAVE UP TO 50% DIRECT FROM FACTORY

only
\$49.95



NO middlemen's profits to pay! See for yourself that Midwest offers you greater radio values... enables you to buy the more economical factory-to-you way that scores of thousands of radio purchasers have preferred since 1920. Never before so much radio for so little money! Why pay more? The broad Midwest Foreign Reception and Money-Back Guarantees insure your satisfaction. You get 30 days FREE trial in your own home!

Once again, Midwest demonstrates its leadership by offering the world's most powerful and most beautiful ALI-WAVE 16-tube, 5-Band Radio. A startling achievement, it makes the whole world your playground. Powerful Triple-Twin Tubes (two tubes in one!) give 16-tube results. This advanced radio is a master achievement, a highly perfected, precisely built, radio-musical instrument that will thrill you with its marvellous super performance... glorious crystal-clear "concert" realism... and magnificent foreign reception. The Dual Audio Program Expander gives a living, vital realistic quality to voice and musical reproduction.



**MIDWEST USES LESS
CURRENT THAN AN
ORDINARY LIGHT BULB**



MY MIDWEST
NOT ONLY MEETS
BUT SURPASSES MY
MOST CRITICAL
STANDARDS.

Bing Crosby



NO SET THAT I HAVE EVER
OWNED HAS BROUGHT
IN FOREIGN RECEPTION
SO CONSISTENTLY AND
SATISFACTORILY.

Gloria Stuart



MIDWEST RADIO CORP.

DEPT. F-31

CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.

Established 1920

Cable Address MIRACO... All Codes

WITH
GIANT THEATRE-SONIC SPEAKER
(LESS TONES)

TERMS AS LOW AS \$5.00 DOWN

Only MIDWEST Gives You

16 TUBES • 5 WAVE BANDS

9 to 2200 METERS • ELECTRIK SAVER

- PUSH BUTTON TUNING •
- AUTOMATIC AERIAL ADAPTION •

**DOUBLE
PUSH-PULL AUDIO**

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL!

MAIL COUPON TODAY for
Free 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER
and 40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR FREE CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. F-31, Cincinnati, Ohio
Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

Special offer and prices prevail only when dealing direct with factory by mail.

I'll Give You

THIS BEAUTIFUL NEW

FORD TUDOR

SEDAN AS A BONUS

BESIDES A WONDERFUL CHANCE TO MAKE UP TO

\$60.00 IN A WEEK



If you are out of work or on part time and need cash at once to pay your bills and live on, you are just the person I am looking for. I have a good offer for you right now—a wonderful chance to start right in as a Food Distributor—a business in which many have reported earning as high as \$15 in one day.

I Send Everything You Need

Experience or previous training is not necessary. I send you everything you need—Complete Money-Making Outfit and simple plans—on 30-Day Trial without money risk to you. No waiting—earnings start at once. You handle the money and keep a big share of every dollar you take in. There is nothing difficult about my plans. Over and above the cash profits you make, I will give you a brand new Ford Tudor Sedan as a bonus or extra reward.

Be a Food Distributor!

Simply follow instructions I send. You can arrange to spend only four days a week picking up orders from your regular customers. Make your deliveries on Fridays, collect your profits and then have all day Saturday and Sunday for vacation or rest. Or, you can work in spare time if you prefer. You set your own hours. You keep every cent of the profits from your business. The Ford Tudor Sedan is a bonus which I give over and above your cash earnings. There is no red tape about this plan. If you are honest and reliable I'll risk my own money to demonstrate how you can make a good living, up to \$60 in a single week.

Send for Complete Facts—Free

Don't send any money—just send me your name at once so I can lay the facts before you, then you can decide if the earning possibilities are satisfactory. Don't miss this chance. You can't lose by mailing the coupon or a penny postcard for free details. Be it today—NOW.

ALBERT MILLS, Pres.
8768 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

I'LL SEND YOU
EVERYTHING YOU
NEED TO START THIS
BUSINESS
**30 DAY
TRIAL**
NO MONEY RISK
TO YOU

SEND THIS COUPON-NOW!

ALBERT MILLS, Pres.
8768 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Send the free facts without obligation to me. Tell me all about the chance you will give me to make up to \$60 in a week and get a Ford Tudor Sedan as a bonus besides my cash earnings.

Name _____

Address _____

(Please Print or Write Plainly)

No Charge
for complete information about this amazing Outfit and guaranteed Trial Offer. Write at once.

You may wonder at making so much money in such a pleasant, simple manner. But when you per-
 son that you distribute Food Products and Household Necessities—
 products that people need day in, day out in the home you get very excellent
 earnings are possible. Louis C. Mullman, N. J., wrote me that he did it \$30
 in a week. Ross C. Davis, N. Y., reported making \$27.50 in a day and \$60.00 in
 a week. Elmer F. Brown, W. Va., sent a sweet statement saying she netted \$75
 one week. I have scores of reports of exceptional earnings like these as proof
 evidence of the amazing possibilities in this business. FOR YOU!

Another man
from

Creep of Fear



DPF
Digital pulp
preservation
group